

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, JUNE 16, 1823.

(Blackwood's Mag. Ap.)

VALPERGA ; OR, THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CASTRUCCIO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

WE opened the packet, which we knew to contain this book, with great expectations. Frankenstein, at the time of its appearance, we certainly did not suspect to be the work of a female hand; the name of Shelley was whispered, and we did not hesitate to attribute the book to *Mr. Shelley*. Soon, however, we were set right. We learned that Frankenstein was written by *Mrs. Shelley*; and then we most undoubtedly said to ourselves, "For a man it was excellent, but for a woman it is wonderful." What we chiefly admired, in that wild production, was vigour of imagination and strength of language; these were unquestionable attributes, and they redeemed the defects of an absurd groundwork and an incoherent fable, and moreover, they tempted us, and every body else, to forgive the many long passages of feeble conception and feeble execution, with which the vigorous scenes were interwoven.

The history of *Castruccio Castracani*, on the other hand, had been long familiar to us in the glowing and energetic sketch of *Machiavelli*. Perhaps, on the whole, we should have been more rejoiced in the prospect of meeting *Mrs. Shelley* again on the same dark territory, where she had first displayed so many striking powers; but the story of *Castruccio* we were willing to consider as not unlikely to furnish, in such hands, the basis and materials of

a most romantic fiction. The bitter sarcasm that peeped out here and there in Frankenstein, will be displayed, said we, with the utmost advantage; for here the authoress has chosen for her hero, one who was not only the first soldier of his time, but the first satirist also. The marvellous rise of such a man to sovereign and tyrannic power, his preservation of all his original manners in that high estate, his deep ambition, his fiery valour, his sportive wit, his searing ironies, his untimely death, and the calm mockeries with which he prepared to meet it—here, said we, are noble materials, such as might well engage the fancy of the most gifted author. We must confess, that in much of what we looked for, we have been disappointed; but yet, even here at the outset, we do not hesitate to say, that if we have not met with what we expected, we have met with other things almost as good.

Our chief objection, indeed may be summed up in one word—*Mrs. Shelley* has not done justice to the character of *Castruccio*. The life of him, by *Machiavel*, does not cover more than twenty or thirty duodecimo pages; yet, one rises from that brief sketch, with a much more lively and perfect notion of the man, than from the perusal of the three closely printed volumes now on our table. There is not one spark of wit in all this book, and yet the keen Italian wit of *Castruccio* was one of

the most striking features in his real character, and ought to have been among the most prominent in a work representing him throughout, in action and conversation. Machiavel, in two or three pages, tells stories enough to have suggested the true "*Castruccio vein*." Who does not remember that famous one of his rebuking a young man, whom he met coming out of a house of ill fame, and who blushed on being recognized? "It was when you went in that you should have coloured," said Castruccio, "not when you come out." Who does not remember his behaviour in the storm at sea? Castruccio expressing some alarm, was rebuked by a stupid fool, who said, that for him he did not value his own life a farthing. "Every body," quoth Castruccio, "makes the best estimate of his own wares." When a thick-skulled wine-bibber boasted that he could drink such and such quantities without being the worse of it—it was Castruccio who answered, "Aye, and your ox could drink still more if he had a mind." It was the sagacious Castruccio, who, when some sage friend abused him for the extravagances he had been guilty of at a debauch, made answer, "He that is held for a wise man by day, will hardly be taken for a fool at night." It was he that dumb-founded an orator, who concluded a long speech, by a wordy apology for his wordiness, with these consolatory words, "Pain not thyself, my dear sir, I was attending to my spaniel."—It was he, who, when he saw a certain envious one smiling to himself, asked, "Is it that some good hath befallen thee, or that some evil hath befallen another?" It was Castruccio, finally, who when they came to his bedside, during his last illness, and asked his directions about his funeral, said, "Lay me on my face in the coffin—for every thing will be reversed ere long after my departure."

But enough of preliminaries. We have ventured throwing a thousand defects out of view, to recommend *Valperga*, as, on the whole, a clever novel. It must now be our business to justify ourselves and our opinion, by a few extracts from the book. And,

following a plan which we would always wish to adhere to, in reviewing novels, we shall endeavour to do what is necessary for our own purposes, without interfering to any considerable extent with the pleasure which our Readers may hereafter seek for in the pages of VALPERGA itself. That is to say, we shall keep to one particular part of the story, leaving all the wide stream of Mrs. Shelley's narrative pure and untouched, for the refreshment of those whose thirst it ought to be our business to excite, not to assuage.

In order to make our extracts in some degree intelligible, Valperga is the name of a castle and small independent territory not far from Lucca. Euthanasia, Countess of Valperga, is in her own person a sovereign princess, but a warm lover of freedom, and much attached, by family connexions, to Florence, the capital of the Guelphic cause in Italy. She had been the companion of Castruccio's boyhood—she meets him while his manhood is opening in glory, and she loves him because she believes he is, and is to be, all that is good, as well as all that is glorious. The Ghibbeline Castruccio, however, becomes in time a prince, a tyrant, the conqueror of half Tuscany, the dreadful threatener of annihilation to Florence. Euthanasia discovering this, will not marry him as she had promised.—From less to more she even becomes his enemy, in all but the heart;—he takes her castle from her—and reduces her to a private station:—in a word, the author has sought the chief materials of interest for her story, in the play of passions called into action by the various relations in which the usurper and this charming lady, the love of his youth, appear throughout the narrative.

By far the most striking part of this history, however, and indeed we may add, by far the finest part of the book, is that in which the loves of Castruccio and Euthanasia are broken and disturbed by those of Castruccio and a certain Beatrice of Ferrara.

This Beatrice is a most exquisite beauty of seventeen—invested in her own eyes, and in the superstitious eyes of all about her, with certain mys-

terious attributes. This beautiful maiden has the enthusiasm, and the pride and the daring confidence of a priestess, a martyr, and a prophetess. She conceives herself to have been sent into the world and gifted by God for the accomplishment of some high and holy work. She expounds the language of the stars—her dark eyes kindle the souls of congregated men—she is worshipped, adored, revered—no one dreams or dares of connecting the idea of love with that of the ‘*ANCILLA DEI*.’

Castruccio comes to Ferrara for the purpose of arranging a political revolution, in which Beatrice plays a distinguished part. They meet continually; he reveres her as a nun, but cannot be blind to her excessive beauty. She reveres him as the chosen warrior of what she imagines to be the cause of right—the man of the age, the hero of the world. Her soul is bathed in the flood of a new and overmastering passion, and boldly indeed does Mrs. Shelley paint her feelings and her actions.

“Thus many hours passed, and when at length the prophetess retired, it was to feverish meditation, and thoughts burning with passion, rendered still more dangerous from her belief in the divine nature of all that suggested itself to her mind. She prayed to the Virgin to inspire her; and again giving herself up to reverie, she wove a subtle web, whose materials she believed heavenly, but which were indeed stolen from the glowing wings of love. Kneeling, her eyes raised to heaven, she felt the same commotion in her soul, which she had felt before, and had recognised as divine inspiration; she felt the same uncontrollable transport and burst of imaginative vision which she believed to flow immediately from the invisible ray of heaven-derived prophecy. She felt her soul, as it were, fade away, and incorporate itself with another and a diviner spirit, which whispered truth and knowledge to her mind, and then slowly receding, left her human nature, agitated, joyful, and exhausted;—these were her dreams—alas! to her they were realities.

“The following morning she again met Castruccio in the chamber of the

bishop, she now looked upon him fearlessly; and, if the virgin modesty of her nature had not withheld her, her words would have been as frank as she innocently believed them to be inspired. But, although she was silent, her looks told that she was changed. Her manner the day before had been soft, concentrated, and retiring; now she was unconstrained; her eyes sparkled, and a joyous expression dwelt in every feature. Her manner towards her guardian was endearing, nor was the affectionate modulation of her voice different when she addressed his guest. Castruccio started to hear it. It reminded him of the accents of Euthanasia whom for a while he had forgotten; and, looking at Beatrice, he thought, ‘How lovely she is, and yet how unlike!’

“Several days passed thus; Beatrice became embarrassed; it seemed as if she wished to speak to Castruccio, and yet dared not; when she approached, she blushed, and again drew back, and would again seek him, but again vainly. She had framed the mode of her address, conned and reconned the words she should say; but, when an opportunity occurred to utter them, her voice failed her, the memory of what she was about to utter deserted her, and it was not until the approach of a third person took from her the possibility of speaking, that speech again returned, and the lost occasion was uselessly lamented. At night she sought the counsels of heaven, and gave herself up to her accustomed ecstasies; they always told her the same things, until to her bewildered and untamed mind it seemed as if the spirit that had power over her, reprimanded her hesitation, her little trust in the promises of Heaven, and her reluctance to follow the path it pointed out.

“‘Surely, oh! most certainly,’ she thought, ‘thus I am commanded by the Power who has so often revealed his will to me. Can I penetrate his hidden designs? Can I do more than execute his decrees? Did I not feel thus, when, with prophetic transport, I foretold distant events that surely came to pass? When I foresaw, yet afar off, the death of Lorenzo, that

lovely child blooming in health, when every one called me a false prophet? And yet he died. And now, the Marquess's return? Nay, am I not approved by Heaven? Did I not escape from the malice of my enemies through its miraculous interposition? Oh! I will no longer scan with presumptuous argument purposes that are ruled by mightier hands than mine; I will resign myself to the guidance of what has ever conducted me aright, and which now points out the path to happiness.'

"The next morning, her cheeks flushed, her eyes weighed down, trembling and abashed, she sought Castruccio. It is impossible that there should not have been much tenderness in his manner towards this lovely girl; her history, her strange and romantic contemplations and impulses, and the great intimacy which had arisen between them, were sufficient for this. He regarded her also as a nun; and this made him feel less restraint in the manner of his address, since he feared not to be misconstrued; while at the same time it gave an elevation an unusual tone to his ideas concerning her, that made him watch her every motion with interest. She now approached; and he said playfully, 'Where is thy mark, prophetess? Art thou no longer the *Maiden of God*? For some days thou hast cast aside the hallowed diadem.'

" 'I still have it,' she replied; 'but I have dismissed it from my brow; I will give it you; come, my lord, this evening at midnight to the secret entrance of the Viscountess's palace.' Saying these words, she fled to hide her burning blushes in solitude, and again to feel the intoxicating delusions that led her on to destruction.

"Castruccio came. If it were in human virtue to resist the invitation of this angelic girl, his was not the mind, strictly disciplined to right, self-examining and jealous of its own integrity, that should thus weigh its actions, and move only as approved by conscience. He was frank and noble in his manner; his nature was generous; and, though there lurked in his heart the germ of an evil-bearing tree, it was as

yet undeveloped and inanimated; and, in obeying the summons of Beatrice, he passively gave himself up to the strong excitements of curiosity and wonder.

"He went again and again. When the silent night was spread over every thing, and the walls of the town stood black and confused amidst the overshadowing trees, whose waving foliage was diversified by no gleam of light, but all was formless as the undistinguishable air; or if a star were dimly seen, it just glistened on the waters of the marsh, and then swiftly the heavy web of clouds hid both star and water; when the watch dogs were mute, unawakened by the moon, and the wind that blew across the plain alone told to the ear the place of the trees; when the bats and the owls were lulled by the exceeding darkness; it was on such nights as these that Castruccio sought the secret entrance of the Viscountess's palace, and was received by the beautiful Beatrice, enshrined in an atmosphere of love and joy.

"She was a strange riddle to him. Without vow, without even that slight shew of distrust which is the child of confidence itself; without seeking the responsive professions of eternal love, she surrendered herself to his arms. And, when the first maiden bashfulness had passed away, all was deep tenderness and ardent love. Yet there was a dignity and a trusting affection in her most unguarded moments, that staggered him; a broken expression would sometimes fall from her lips, that seemed to say she believed him indissolubly hers, which made him start, as if he feared that he had acted with perfidy; yet he had never solicited, never promised—What could she mean? What was she? He loved her as he would have loved any thing that was surpassingly beautiful; and, when these expressions, that intimated somewhat of enduring and unchangeable in their intercourse, intruded themselves, they pained and irritated him; he turned to the recollection of Euthanasia, his pure, his high minded, and troth-plight bride;—she seemed as if wronged by such an idea; and yet he hardly dared think her purer than poor Beatrice, whose soul, though

given up to love, was imbued in its very grain and texture with delicate affections and honourable feelings; all that makes the soul and living spark of virtue. If she had not resisted the impulses of her soul, it was not that she wanted the power; but that, deluded by the web of deceit that had so long wound itself about her, she believed them not only lawful, but inspired by the special interposition of Heaven."

The following short scene where Beatrice is first awakened to the nature of her dreams about Castruccio, is very fine:

"They sat in her apartment at the Malvezzi palace; she radiant, beautiful, and happy; and, twining her lovely arms around Castruccio, she said, 'The moon will set late to-morrow night, and you must not venture here; and indeed for several nights it will spread too glaring a beam. But tell me, are you become a citizen of Ferrara? They averred that you were the head of a noble city; but I see they must have been mistaken, or the poor city must totter strangely, so headless as your absence must make it. How is this, my only friend? Are you not Antelminelli? Are we not to go to Lucca?'

"Castruccio could not stand the questioning of her soft yet earnest eyes; he withdrew himself from her arms, and, taking her hands in his, kissed them silently. 'How is my noble lord?' she repeated; 'have you had ill news? Are you again banished? that cannot be, or methinks my heart would have told me the secret. Yet, if you are, be not unhappy,—your own Beatrice, with prophetic words, and signs from Heaven that lead the multitude, will conduct you to greater glory and greater power than you before possessed. My gentle love, you have talked less about yourself, and about your hopes and desires, than I should have wished:—Do not think me a foolish woman, tied to an embroidery frame, or that my heart would not beat high at the news of your success, or that with my whole soul I should not enter into your plans, and tell you how the stars looked upon your intents. In truth my mind pants for fitting exertion; and,

in being joined to thee, dearest love, I thought that I had found the goal for which Heaven had destined me. Nay, look not away from me; I do not reproach thee; I know that, in finding thee, in being bound to thy fate, mine is fulfilled; and I am happy. Now speak—tell me what has disturbed thy thoughts.'

"Sweetest Beatrice, I have nothing to tell; yet I have for many days wished to speak; for in truth I must return to Lucca.'

"The quick sensations of Beatrice could not be deceived. The words of Castruccio were too plain; she looked at him, as if she would read the secret in his soul,—she did read it;—his downcast eyes, confused air, and the words he stammered out in explanation, told her every thing. The blood rushed to her face, her neck, her hands; and then as suddenly receding, left even her lips pale. She withdrew her arms from the soft caress she had bestowed; playfully she had bound his head with her own hair and the silken strings entangled with his; she tore her tresses impatiently to disengage herself from him; then, trembling, white, and chilled, she sat down and said not a word. Castruccio looked on with fear; he attempted consolation.

"I shall visit thee again, my own Beatrice; for a time we must part;—the viscountess—the good bishop—you cannot leave them—fear not but that we shall meet again.'

"We shall meet again!" she exclaimed with a passionate voice; 'Never!'

"Her tone, full of agitation and grief, sunk into the soul of Castruccio. He took her hand; it was lifeless; he would have kissed her; but she drew back coldly and sadly. His words had not been those of the heart; he had hesitated and paused: But now compassion, and the memory of what she had been awoke his powers, and he said warmly, and with a voice whose modulation seemed tuned by love: 'You mistake me, Beatrice; indeed you do. I love you;—who could help loving one so true, so gentle, and so trusting?—we part for a while;—this is necessary. Does not your character require it? the part you act

in the world? every consideration of honour and delicacy?—Do you think that I can ever forget you? does not your own heart tell you, that your love, your caresses, your sweet eyes, and gentle words, have woven a net which must keep me for ever? You will remain here, and I shall go; but a few suns, a few moons, and we shall meet again, and the joy of that moment will make you forget our transient separation.’

“How cold were these words to the burning heart of the prophetess; she, who thought that Heaven had singled out Castruccio to unite him to her, who thought that the Holy Spirit had revealed himself to bless their union, that by the mingled strength of his manly qualities, and her Divine attributes, some great work might be fulfilled on earth; who saw all as God’s command, and done by his special interposition; to find this heavenly tissue swept away, beaten down, and destroyed! It was to his fortunes, good or bad that she had bound herself, to share his glory or sooth his griefs; and not to be the mistress of the passing hour, the distaff of the spinning Hercules. It was her heart, her whole soul she had given; her understanding, her prophetic powers, all the little universe that with her ardent spirit she grasped and possessed, she had surrendered, fully, and without reserve! but alas! the most worthless part alone had been accepted, and the rest cast as dust upon the winds. How in this moment did she long to be a winged soul, that her person heedlessly given, given only as a part of that to the whole of which he had an indefeasible right, and which was now despised, might melt away from the view of the despiser, and be seen no more! The words of her lover brought despair, not comfort; she shook her head in silence; Castruccio spoke again and again; but many words are dangerous where there is much to conceal, and every syllable he uttered laid bare some new forgery of her imagination, and shewed her more and more clearly the harsh reality. She was astounded, and drank in his words eagerly; though she answered not; she was impatient when he was silent, for she longed to

know the worst; yet she dared not direct the course of his explanations by a single inquiry: She was as a mother, who reads the death warrant of her child on the physician’s brow, yet blindly trusting that she decyphers ill, will not destroy the last hope by a question. Even so she listened to the assurances of Castruccio, each word being a fresh assurance of her misery, yet not stamping the last damning seal on her despair. At length grey dawn appeared; she was silent, motionless, and wan; she marked it not; but he did; and rising hastily, he cried, ‘I must go, or you are lost! Farewell, Beatrice!’

“Now she awoke, her eyes glared, her lovely features became even distorted by the strength of her agony—she started up—‘Not yet—not yet—one word more! Do you—love another?’

“Her tone was that of command;—her flashing eyes demanded the truth, and seemed as if they would, by their excessive force, strike the falsehood dead, if he dared utter it. He was subdued, impelled to reply—

“‘I do,’

“‘Her name?’

“‘Euthanasia.’

“‘Enough! I will remember that name in my prayers. Now, go! seek not to come again; the entrance will be closed; do not endeavour to see me at the house of the bishop; I shall fly you as a basilisk, and, if I see you, your eyes will kill me. Remember these are my words; they are as true, as that I am all a lie. It will kill me; but I swear by all my hopes, never to see you more. Oh, never, never!’

“She again sank down pale and lifeless, pressing her hands upon her eyes, as if the more speedily to fulfil her vow. Castruccio dared stay no longer; he fled as the dæmon might have fled from the bitter sorrows of despoiled Paradise; he left her aghast, overthrown, annihilated.”

Beatrice, after a time spent in the utmost prostration and repentance and misery, goes on a pilgrimage to Rome. On her way she comes to the castle of Valperga, and sees Euthanasia; she will tell nothing of her story, but she had just come, she said, to see and bless the lady. Having done so,

she quits the castle alone, barefooted, needing everything, and refusing everything. The Countess, who had in vain endeavoured to detain and to question her, had been so deeply interested by the poor girl's appearance, that she alluded to it the next time Castruccio came to visit her.

"Castruccio listened earnestly; and, when he heard what had been her last words, he cried, 'It must be she! it is the poor Beatrice!'

"'Beatrice! Who is Beatrice?'

"Castruccio endeavoured to evade the question, and afterwards to answer it by the relation of a few slight circumstances; but Euthanasia, struck by his manner, questioned him so seriously, that he ended by relating the whole story. Euthanasia was deeply moved; and earnest pity succeeded to her first astonishment—astonishment for her powers and strange errors, and then compassion for her sorrows and mighty fall. Castruccio, led on by the memory of her enchantments, spoke with ardour, scarcely knowing to whom he spoke; and, when he ended, Euthanasia cried, 'She must be followed, brought back, consoled; her misery is great; but there is a cure for it.'

"She then concerted with Castruccio the plan for tracing her steps, and inducing her to return. Messengers were sent on the road to Rome, who were promised high rewards if they succeeded in finding her; others were sent to Ferrara, to learn if her friends there had any knowledge of her course.—These researches occupied several weeks; but they were fruitless. The messengers from Ferrara brought word, that she had left that city early in the preceding spring in a pilgrimage to Rome, and that she had never since been heard of. The Lady Marchesana, inconsolable for her departure, had since died; and the good bishop Marsilio, who had not returned from France, where he had been made a cardinal, was at too great a distance to understand the circumstances of her departure, or to act upon them. Nor were the tidings brought from Rome more satisfactory: She was traced from Lucca to Pisa, Florence, Arezzo, Perugia, Foligno, Spoleto, and even to

Terni; but there all trace was lost. It appeared certain that she had never arrived in Rome; none of the priests had heard of her; every church and convent was examined; but no trace of her could be found. Every exertion was vain: it appeared as if she had sunk into the bowels of the earth.

"During the period occupied by these researches, a great change had taken place in the mind of Euthanasia. Before, though her atmosphere had been torn by storms, and blackened by the heaviest clouds, her love had ever borne her on towards one point with resistless force; and it seemed as if, body and soul, she would in the end be its victim. Now the tide ebbed, and left her, as a poor wretch upon one point of rock, when the rising ocean suddenly subsides, and restores him unexpectedly to life. She had loved Castruccio; and, as is ever the case with pure and exalted minds, she had separated the object of her love from all other beings, and, investing him with a glory, he was no longer to her as one among the common herd, nor ever for a moment could she confound him and class him with his fellow men. It is this feeling that is the essence and life of love, and that, still subsisting even after esteem and sympathy had been destroyed, had caused the excessive grief in which she had been plunged. She had separated herself from the rest as his chosen one; she had been selected from the whole world for him to love, and therefore was there a mighty barrier between her and all things else; no sentiment could pass through her mind unmingled with his image, no thought that did not bear his stamp to distinguish it from all other thoughts; as the moon in heaven shines bright, because the sun illumines her with his rays, so did she proceed on her high path in serene majesty, protected through her love for him from all meaner cares or joys; her very person was sacred, since she had dedicated herself to him; but, the god undeified, the honours of the priestess fell to the dust. The story of Beatrice dissolved the charm; she looked on him now in the common light of day; the illusion and exaltation of love was dispelled for ever; and, although disap-

pointment, and the bitterness of destroyed hope, robbed her of every sensation of enjoyment, it was no longer that mad despair, that clinging to the very sword that cut her, which before had tainted her cheek with the hues of death. Her old feelings of duty, benevolence, and friendship, returned; all was not now, as before, referred to love alone; the trees, the streams, the mountains, and the stars, no longer told one never-varying tale of disappointed passion; before, they had oppressed her heart by reminding her, through every change and every form, of what she had once seen in joy; and they lay as so heavy and sad a burthen on her soul, that she would exclaim as a modern poet has since done:—

Thou, thrush, that singest long and loud, and free,
 Into yon row of willows flit,
 Upon that alder sit,
 Or sing another song, or choose another tree!
 Roll back, sweet rill, back to thy mountain bounds,
 And there for ever be thy waters chained!
 For thou dost haunt the air with sounds
 That cannot be sustain'd.

Be any thing, sweet rill, but that which thou art now.

But now these feverish emotions ceased. Sorrow sat on her downcast eye, restrained her light step, and slept in the unmoved dimples of her fair cheek; but the wildness of grief had died, the fountain of selfish tears flowed no more, and she was restored from death to life. She considered Castruccio as bound to Beatrice; bound by the deep love and anguish of the fallen prophetess, by all her virtues, even by her faults; bound by his falsehood to her who was then his betrothed, and whom he carelessly wronged, and thus proved how little capable he was of participating in her own exalted feelings. She believed that he would be far happier in the passionate and unquestioning love of this enthusiast, than with her, who had lived too long to be satisfied alone with the affection of him she loved, but required in him a conformity of tastes to those she had herself cultivated, which in Castruccio was entirely wanting. She felt half glad, half sorry, for the change she was aware had been operated in her heart; for the misery that she before endured was not without its momentary intervals, which busy love

filled with dreams and hopes, that caused a wild transport, which, although it destroyed her, was still joy, still delight. But now there was no change; one steady hopeless blank was before her; the very energies of her mind were palsied; her imagination furled its wings, and the owlet, reason, was the only dweller that found sustenance and a being in her benighted soul."

Beatrice, in the progress of her sad story, undergoes all the miseries of madness. She consorts with a hideous witch—the original enthusiasm of her imagination, brooding over her own griefs, leads her into a thousand extravagances; and after a long interval, she is discovered by Euthanasia, a prisoner in the dungeons of the Inquisition at Lucca.

Euthanasia, who, despoiled of her principality, and irritated, or rather alienated by the ambitious proceedings of Castruccio against Florence and Freedom, has had for some time no intercourse with her former lover, repairs now in person to his palace, and ventures into his cabinet, that she may procure from him an order for the instant release of her whose calamities had originated in love for himself. Castruccio grants this without hesitation, and perceiving that Euthanasia will not hear from him any renewal of his vows to herself, continues to keep up the intercourse thus recommenced, by sending every now and then to make inquiry after the health of poor Beatrice, to whom, on quitting the dungeon, the fair Countess had given shelter in her own home.

We shall not pursue Beatrice through the long train of agonies that terminate in her death; but we must make room for one extract from the chapter which Mrs. S. entitles "Beatrice, her creed, and her love." It is impossible to read it without admiration of the eloquence with which it is written, or without sorrow, that any English lady should be capable of clothing such thoughts in such words. We are aware that it may be said, as it has often been done by sophists, ancient and modern, "Æschylus paints Clytemnestra—Shakespeare paints Iago." We would be

very happy indeed, if we could believe that it is so, this author paints this part of her Beatrice; but, alas! what is here put into the mouth of a frantic girl, mad with love and misery, has been of late put forth so frequently, and in so many different forms, by the writers of that school, with which this gifted person has the misfortune to be associated, that we should only be trifling with our readers, if we hesitated to say that we do not believe any such matter. We are not going to preach, however; this is not the sort of opportunity we choose for warring with Manicheism, or with any thing *quod exit in ism*. We wish to shew what Mrs. S. can do.—Euthanasia and Beatrice are sitting together—the former perceiving that the latter is strangely agitated by the intenseness of her recollections, prays her to forget the past—“forget everything that you once were.”

“Aye, you say right; I must forget every thing, or to be what I am must torture me to despair. Poor, misled, foolish, insensate Beatrice! I can accuse myself alone for my many ills; myself, and that power who sits on high, and scatters evil like dew upon the earth, a killing, blighting honey dew.”

“Hush! my poor girl, do not talk thus; indeed I must not have you utter these sentiments.”

“Oh! let me speak; before all others I must hide my bursting feelings, deep, deep. Yet for one moment let me curse!”

“Beatrice arose; she pointed to heaven; she stood in the same attitude, as when she had prophesied to the people of Ferrara under the portico of the church of St. Anna; but how changed! Her form thin; her face care-worn; her love-formed lips withered; her hands and arms, then so round and fair, now wrinkled and faded; her eyes were not the same; they had lost that softness which, mingling with their fire, was as something wonderful in brilliancy and beauty: they now, like the sun from beneath a thunder cloud, glared fiercely from under her dark and scattered hair that shaded her brow; but even now, as in those times, she spoke with tumultuous eloquence.

“Euthanasia, you are much deceived; you either worship a useless shadow, or a fiend in the clothing of a god. Listen to me, while I announce to you the eternal and victorious influence of evil, which circulates like air about us, clinging to our flesh like a poisonous garment, eating into us, and destroying us. Are you blind, that you see it not? Are you deaf, that you hear no groans? Are you insensible, that you feel no misery? Open your eyes, and you will behold all of which I speak, standing in hideous array before you. Look around! Is there not war, violation of treaties, and hardhearted cruelty? Look at the societies of men. Are not our fellow creatures tormented one by the other in an endless circle of pain? Some shut up in iron cages, starved and destroyed; cities float in blood, and the hopes of the husbandman are manured by his own mangled limbs: remember the times of our fathers, the extirpation of the Albigenes;—the cruelties of Ezzelin, when troops of the blind, and the lame, and the mutilated, the scum of his prisons, inundated the Italian states. Remember the destruction of the Templars. Did you never glance in thought into the tower of famine of Ugolino; or into the hearts of the armies of exiles, that each day the warring citizens banish from their homes? Did you never reflect on the guilty policy of the Popes, those ministers of the reigning King of heaven? Remember the Sicilian vespers; the death of the innocent Conradin; the myriads whose bones are now bleached beneath the sun of Asia; they went in honour of His name, and thus He rewards them.

“Then reflect upon domestic life, on the strife, hatred, and uncharitableness, that, as sharp spears, pierce one's bosom at every turn; think of jealousy, midnight murders, envy, want of faith, calumny, ingratitude, cruelty, and all which man in his daily sport inflicts upon man. Think upon disease, plague, famine, leprosy, fever, and all the aching pains our limbs suffer withal; visit in thought the hospital, the lazar house. Oh! surely God's hand is the chastening hand of a father, that thus torments

his children ! His children ? his eternal enemies ! Look, I am one ! He created the seeds of disease, maremma, thirst, want ; he created man,—that most wretched of slaves ; oh ! know you not what a wretch man is ! and what a store-house of infinite pain is this much-vaunted human soul ? Look into your own heart ; or, if that be too peaceful, gaze on mine ; I will tear it open for your inspection. There is remorse, hatred, grief—overwhelming, mighty, and eternal misery. God created me ; am I the work of a beneficent being ? Oh, what spirit mingled in my wretched frame love, hope, energy, confidence,—to find indifference, to be blasted to despair, to be as weak as the fallen leaf, to be betrayed by all ! Now I am changed,—I hate ;—my energy is spent in curses, and if I trust, it is to be the more deeply wounded.

“ Did not the power you worship create the passions of man ; his desires which outleap possibility, and bring ruin upon his head ? Did he not implant the seeds of ambition, revenge, and hate ? Did he not create love, the tempter ; he who keeps the key of that mansion whose motto must ever be

Lasciate agni speranza voi che intrate ?

And the imagination, that master-piece of his malice ; that spreads honey on the cup that you may drink poison ; that strews roses over thorns, thorns sharp and big as spears ; that semblance of beauty which beckons you to the desert ; that apple of gold with the heart of ashes ; that foul image, with the veil of excellence ; that mist of the maremma, glowing with roseate hues beneath the sun, that creates it, and beautifies it, to destroy you ; that diadem of nettles ; that spear, broken in the heart ? ”

But we *dare* not transcribe any further.

To come back to Euthanasia—she, after Beatrice is dead, becomes more and more weary of Lucca, and she at last seeks and obtains Castruccio's permission to retire to Florence. In that city a great conspiracy is in motion against Castruccio—Euthanasia is long and in vain solicited to join in it ; for however she detests the bloodshed thro' which Castruccio has been, and is wad-

ing onwards towards the great object of his ambition, the total overthrow of Tuscan liberty, she feels, and feels justly, that nothing but the last extremity could justify her, who had been the love of his youth, in combining with his enemies against him. A terrible act of cruelty, however, in which some of her own Florentine kindred are the sufferers, at last persuades her. But she forms a romantic plan to save Castruccio by, and in his very overthrow. She bargains, ere she takes the oath of the conspirators, that his life is to be held sacred, and dreams a fanciful dream of restoring him to tranquillity and contentment of mind, of soothing him fallen, with the love she had refused to him in his princely splendour, of spending years of quiet bliss with him chastened and purified—in some beautiful Italian solitude, far from the noise and tumult of Tuscany. A scoundrel betrays the conspiracy to Castruccio's lieutenant. The prince, on his return to Lucca, after a short absence, is informed abruptly that a plot against his life has been discovered—that three hundred conspirators are in his prisons—and that one cell holds—Euthanasia of Valperga.

The scene where Castruccio liberates Euthanasia, whom he believes to have meditated his death, is one of the finest in this book. We shall extract a part of it.

“ A little before midnight Euthanasia's prison-chamber was unlocked, and the jailor entered, with a lamp in his hand, accompanied by one of majestic figure, and a countenance beautiful, but sad, and tarnished by the expression of pride that animated it. ‘ She sleeps,’ whispered the jailor. His companion raised his finger in token of silence ; and, taking the lamp from the man's hand, approached her mattress, which was spread upon the floor, and, kneeling down beside it, earnestly gazed upon that face he had known so well in happier days. She made an uneasy motion, as if the lamp which he held disturbed her ; he placed it on the ground, and shaded it with his figure ; while, by the soft light that fell upon her, he tried to read the images that were working in her mind.

"She appeared but slightly altered since he had first seen her. If thought had drawn some lines in her brow, the intellect which its beautiful form expressed, effaced them to the eye of the spectator: her golden hair fell over her face and neck: he gently drew it back, while she smiled in her sleep; her smile was ever past description lovely, and one might well exclaim with Dante,

*Quel, ch' ella par quando un poco sorride,
Non si puo dicer, ne tenere a mente;
Si è nuovo miracolo, e gentile.**

He gazed on her long; her white arm lay on her black dress, and he imprinted a sad kiss upon it; she awoke, and saw Castruccio gazing upon her.

"She started up; 'What does this mean?' she cried.

"His countenance which had softened as he looked upon her, now re-assumed its severe expression. 'Madonna,' he replied, 'I come to take you from this place.'

"She looked on him, endeavouring to read his purpose in his eyes; but she saw there no explanation of her doubts;—'And whither do you intend to lead me?'

"'That you will know hereafter.'

"She paused; and he added with a disdainful smile, 'The Countess of Valperga need not fear, while I have the power to protect her, the fate she prepared for me.'

"'What fate?'

"'Death.'

"He spoke in an under tone, but with one of those modulations of voice, which, bringing to her mind scenes of other days, was best fitted to make an impression upon her. She replied, almost unconsciously—'I did not prepare death for you; God is my witness!'

"'Well, Madonna, we will not quarrel about words; or, like lawyers, clothe our purposes in such a subtle guise, that it might deceive all, if truth did not destroy the spider's web. I come to lead you from prison.'

"'Not thus, my lord, not thus will I be saved. I disdain any longer to assert my intentions, since I am not believed. But am I to be liberated alone;

or are my friends included in your merciful intentions?'

"'Your friends are too dangerous enemies of the commonwealth to be rescued from the fate that awaits them. Your sex, perhaps the memory of our ancient friendship, plead for you; and I do not think that it accords with your wisdom to make conditions with one who has the power to do that which best pleases him.'

"'And yet I will not yield; I will not most unworthily attend to my own safety, while my associates die. No, my lord, if they are to be sacrificed, the addition of one poor woman will add little to the number of your victims; and I cannot consent to desert them.'

"'How do you desert them? You will never see or hear of them more, or they of you. But this is trifling; and my moments are precious.'

"'I will not—I dare not follow you. My heart, my conscience tell me to remain. I must not disobey their voice.'

"'Is your conscience so officious now, and did it say nothing, or did your heart silence it, when you plotted my destruction?'

"'Castruccio, this I believe is the last time that I shall ever speak to you. Our hearts are in the hands of the Father of all; and He sees my thoughts. You know me too well, to believe that I plotted your death, or that of any human creature. Now is not the time to explain my motives and plans; but my earnest prayer was that you might live; my best hope, to make that life less miserable, less unworthy, than it had hitherto been.'

"She spoke with deep earnestness; and there was something in her manner, as if the spirit of truth animated all her accents, that compelled assent. Castruccio believed all; and he spoke in a milder and more persuasive manner, 'Poor Euthanasia! so you were at last cajoled by that arch-traitor, Bondelmonti. Well, I believe, and pardon all; but, as the seal of the purity of your intentions, I now claim your consent to my offers of safety.'

"'I cannot, indeed I cannot, consent. Be merciful; be magnanimous; and pardon all; banish us all where

* *Vita Nuova di Dante.*

our discontent cannot be dangerous to you. But to desert my friends, and basely to save that life you deny to them, I never can.'

"The jailor, who had hitherto stood in the shade near the door, could no longer contain himself. He knelt to Euthanasia, and earnestly and warmly entreated her to save herself, and not with wilful presumption to cast aside those means, which God had brought about for her safety. 'Remember,' he cried, 'your misfortunes will be on the prince's head; make him not answer for you also. Oh! lady, for his sake, for all our sakes, yield.'

"Castruccio was much moved to see the warmth of this man. He took the hand of Euthanasia, he also knelt. 'Yes, my only and dearest friend, save yourself for my sake. Yield, beloved Euthanasia, to my entreaties. Indeed you will not die; for you well know that your life is dearer to me than my own. But yield to my request, by our former loves, I entreat; by the prayers which you offer up for my salvation, I conjure you as they shall be heard, so also hear me!'

"The light of the solitary lamp fell full upon the countenance of Castruccio. It was softened from all severity; his eyes glistened, and a tear stole silently down his cheek, as he prayed her to yield. They talk of the tears of women; but, when they flow most plenteously, they soften not the heart of man, as one tear from his eyes has power on a woman. Words and looks have been feigned; they say, though I believe them not, that women have feigned tears; but those of a man, which are ever as the last demonstration of a too full heart, force belief, and communicate to her who causes them, that excess of tenderness, that intense depth of passion, of which they are themselves the sure indication.

"Euthanasia had seen Castruccio weep but once before; it was many years ago, when he departed for the battle of Monte Catini; and he then sympathised too deeply in her sorrows, not to repay her much weeping with one most true and sacred tear. And now this scene was present before her; the gap of years remained unfilled; and

she had consented to his request, before she again recalled her thoughts, and saw the dreary prison-chamber, the glimmering lamp, and the rough form of the jailor, who knelt beside Antelminelli. Her consent was scarcely obtained, when Castruccio leapt up, and, bidding her wrap her capuchin about her, led her by the hand down the steep prison-stairs, while the jailor went before them, and unlocked, and drew back the bolts of the heavy creaking doors.

"At the entrance of the prison they found a man on horseback holding two other horses. It was Mordecas-telli. Castruccio assisted Euthanasia to mount, and then sprang on his own saddle; they walked their horses to a gate of the town which was open—they proceeded in silence—at the gate Castruccio said to his companion—'Here leave us; I shall speedily return.'

"Vanni then turned his horse's head, slightly answering the salute of Euthanasia, which she had involuntarily made at parting for ever with one who had been her intimate acquaintance. A countryman was waiting on horseback outside the gate—'You are our guide?' said Castruccio.—'Lead on then.'

It was a frosty cloudless night. Castruccio rides with Euthanasia till she is within sight of the shore. He bids her farewell abruptly, and she soon finds herself embarked in a vessel bound for Sicily.

"About noon they met a Pisan vessel, who bade them beware of a Genoese squadron, which was cruising off Corsica; so they bore in nearer to the shore. At sunset that day a fierce sirocco rose, accompanied by thunder and lightning, such as is seldom seen during the winter season. Presently they saw huge dark columns descending from Heaven, and meeting the sea, which boiled beneath; they were borne on by the storm, and scattered by the wind. The rain came down in sheets; and the hail clattered, as it fell to its grave in the ocean—the ocean was lashed into such waves, that, many miles inland, during the pauses of the wind, the hoarse and constant murmurs of the far-off sea, made the well-housed

landsmen mutter one more prayer for those exposed to its fury.

"Such was the storm, as it was seen from shore. Nothing more was ever known of the Sicilian vessel which bore Euthanasia. It never reached its destined port, nor were any of those on board ever after seen. The sentinels who watched near Vado, a tower on the sea beach of the Maremma, found, on the following day, that the waves had washed on shore some of the wrecks of a vessel. They picked up a few planks and a broken mast, round which, tangled with some of its cordage, was a white silk handkerchief, such a one as had bound the tresses of Euthanasia the night that she had embarked, and in its knot were a few golden hairs.

"She was never heard of more; even her name perished. She slept in the oozy cavern of the ocean; the seaweed was tangled with her shining hair; and the spirits of the deep wondered that the earth had trusted so lovely a creature to the barren bosom of the sea, which, as an evil step-mother, deceives and betrays all committed to her care.

"Earth felt no change when she died; and men forgot her. Yet a lovelier spirit never ceased to breathe, nor was a lovelier form ever destroyed amidst the many it brings forth. Endless tears might well have been shed at her loss; yet for her none wept, save the piteous skies, which deplored the mischief they had themselves committed—none moaned except the sea-birds, that flapped their heavy wings above the ocean-cave wherein she lay—and the muttering thunder alone tolled her passing bell, as she quitted a life, which for her had been replete with change and sorrow."

Castruccio survives this for some time, but the romance of Mrs. Shelley terminates here; what comes after is little more than a parcel of translations from historical works, in the hands of every reader of Italian. The work, with all the deductions we have made, undoubtedly reflects no *discredit* even on the authoress of *Frankenstein*—although we must once more repeat our opinion, that *Valperga* is, for a second romance, by no means what its predecessor was for a first one.

(Literary Gazette.)

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO THE NORTHERN WHALE FISHERY,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1822. BY WM. SCORESBY, JUN.

THOUGH hardly prepared to say that we should like a thick octavo, even from Captain Scoresby, every time he makes a voyage to "bob for whale," the present addition to his preceding publications contains so much interesting matter, that we make a decided exception in its favour.

The author appears to be an individual of a naturally active mind and vigorous understanding; which he has improved by considerable acquisitions in the practical parts of those sciences coming most into contact with his professional needs. Thus magnetism, meteorology, natural history, and also geology, mineralogy, &c. are usefully elucidated in his pages, and swell the amount of the information which they offer to the reader. This is altogether a very interesting voyage; combining

the narration of personal adventure and scientific inquiry in a manner eminently calculated to please.

The *Baffin* was expressly built and equipped for the double purpose of whaling and exploring; and had a complement of fifty men. Her commander resolved on trying the East Greenland side rather than the Spitzbergen fishery; and seems to prefer it for trade as well as for the opportunity it afforded him of indulging in his favourite speculations. Sailing on the 27th of March, in the early part of his voyage, he had pushed his course so far to the north, that on the 1st of May, he states,

-- "We were in latitude 80° 23' by observation; and at 5 A. M. I calculated that we had advanced to 80° 34', a distance of only 566 miles from the

Pole; when the freezing of the sea around us, and the increasing accumulation of ice to the northward, rendered any further advance at so early a season imprudent; and particularly as not a single whale had yet appeared to encourage us to perseverance. We were now probably within a few miles of the extreme accessible point of the Greenland Sea towards the north; and the Baffin was, without question, in the highest latitude of any ship at that moment on the sea; and there was no doubt on my own mind, when I stood on the taffrail as the ship was turned before the wind, that I was then nearer to the Pole than any individual on the face of the earth. From this situation, the northern barrier of ice extended towards the SE. and ESE. and the main western ice towards the SW.; so that we were near the extremity of the angle formed by these two immense floating bodies."

Capt. S. confirms the opinion that with a wind the cold is infinitely more severe than in a calm of a lower temperature. On the 9th of May, "the wind increased to a fresh gale from the NE. and the weather became intensely cold. The deck thermometer was never higher than 2° , and sometimes as low as -5° ; at the mast-head, the temperature was below zero all the day. The greatest cold noticed in this situation was -8° ; which was the extreme of my observations during twenty voyages to the whale-fishery. The frost-rime constituted a dense stratum of mist 50 or 60 feet in altitude, so as to circumscribe the prospect from the deck to about 150 yards; while at the mast-head, where the observer could see over it, the limit was extended to a mile or upwards. This obscurity rendering the navigation among crowded drift-ice extremely dangerous, required my personal superintendence at the mast-head, where the temperature was from 3 to 8 degrees below zero, for several hours at a time. This intensity of cold, which was rendered excessively penetrating by the strength of the wind with which it was accompanied, was severely felt. There is little doubt but it was more painful to the feelings than a temperature of -30° or -40°

would have been in a calm atmosphere. Though we had smooth water, and kept the companion-door constantly closed, the cabin became more uncomfortable than the deck. Water spilt on the table, within three feet of a hot air stove, became ice; washed linen became hard and sonorous; and mitts that had been hung to dry exactly in the front of the fire, (the grate being full of blazing coals,) and only thirty inches distant, were partially frozen; and even good ale placed in a mug at the foot of the stove, began to congeal! A damp hand applied to any metallic substance in the open air, stuck to it; and the tongue brought into contact with the same, adhered so firmly, that it could not be removed, without the loss of the skin. Some of the sailors suffered considerably from partial frost-bites. The cooper had his nose frozen, and was obliged to submit to a severe friction with snow; and the boatswain almost lost his hearing."

The sight of some Narwals, often the forerunners of whales, and a green sea their common resort, soon brought the Baffin upon her huge prey. On the 2d of June,

--- "One of the boats rowed into the midst of a shoal of seven or eight of the largest size. They were lying at the surface, huddled together remarkably close; but the weather being very still and calm, they all took the alarm, while the amazed harpooner was standing aiming his weapon first at one and then at another, until the whole shoal made their escape. They were so near, that the water thrown up by their tails flew in showers over the boat; while the sea, for a hundred yards round, was filled with eddies and little whirlpools."

All these escaped, and the vessel was detained among the ice for several days, during which, Capt. S. relates:

--- "A great many narwals were often sporting about us, sometimes in herds or shoals of 15 or 20 together. Several of the shoals consisted entirely of male animals, each having a long horn (or tooth) projecting from the forehead. They were extremely playful, frequently elevating their horns, and crossing them with each other, as

in fencing. In the sporting of these animals, they frequently emitted a very unusual sound, resembling the guggling of water in the throat, which it probably was, as it only occurred when they reared their horns, with the front part of the head and mouth, out of the water. Several of them followed the ship, and seemed to be attracted by a principle of curiosity, at the sight of so unusual a body. The water being perfectly transparent, they could be seen descending to the keel, and playing about the rudder for a considerable time, and then proceeding to a little distance, before they ascended to breathe. They 'blew' with much force: an act of expiration always, I observed, succeeded their first appearance at the surface; and they invariably descended with the lungs inflated. Their breathing resembles a puff of steam or air; a pause of perhaps two or three seconds occurs between each act of respiration, and after it has been continued for eight or ten times, the animal generally descends: but sometimes it will remain for several minutes afterwards at the surface, without either breathing perceptibly or moving."

Having got free from the ice, the harpooners killed a large bear as he was swimming across an opening near the ship. This is the safest situation for an attack on these powerful animals, which are dangerous on the ice, as they can *there* employ twice the speed of a man. Capt. S. mentions the fate of a sailor, who rashly assailed one with a handspike when prowling near the ship—

-- "But the bear, regardless of such weapons, and sharpened probably by hunger, immediately, it should seem, disarmed his antagonist, and, seizing him by the back with his powerful jaws, carried him off with such celerity, that, on his dismayed comrades rising from their meal, and looking abroad, he was so far beyond their reach as to defy their pursuit."

Another fool-hardy exploit of this kind was rather amusing in its results. A Hull whaler

-- "Was moored to a field of ice, on which, at a considerable distance, a large bear was observed prowling about

for prey. One of the ship's company, emboldened by an artificial courage, derived from the free use of his rum, which, in his economy he had stored for special occasions, undertook to pursue and attack the bear that was within view. Armed only with a whale-lance, he resolutely, and against all persuasion, set out on his adventurous exploit. A fatiguing journey of about half a league, over a surface of yielding snow, and rugged hummocks, brought him within a few yards of the enemy, which, to his surprise, undauntedly faced him, and seemed to invite him to the combat. His courage being by this time greatly subdued, partly by the evaporation of the stimulus he had employed, and partly by the undismayed, and even threatening aspect of the bear, he levelled his lance in an attitude suited either for offensive or defensive action, and stopped. The bear also stood still. In vain the adventurer tried to rally courage to make the attack; his enemy was too formidable, and his appearance too imposing. In vain also he shouted,—advanced his lance,—and made feints of attack; the enemy either not understanding them, or despising such unmanliness, obstinately stood his ground. Already the limbs of the sailor began to shake,—the lance trembled in the rest,—and his gaze, which had hitherto been steadfast, began to quiver; but the fear of ridicule from his messmates still had its influence, and he yet scarcely dared to retreat. Bruin, however, possessing less reflection, or being more regardless of consequences, began, with the most audacious boldness, to advance. His nigh approach, and unshaken step, subdued the spark of bravery, and that dread of ridicule, that had hitherto upheld our adventurer; he turned and fled. But now was the time of danger. The sailor's flight encouraged the bear in his turn to pursue; and being better practised in snow-travelling, and better provided for it, he rapidly gained upon the fugitive. The whale-lance, his only defence, encumbering him in his retreat, he threw it down, and kept on. This fortunately excited the bear's attention; he stopped,—pawed it,—bit it, and then resumed the chase. Again

he was at the heels of the panting seaman, who, conscious of the favourable effect of the lance, dropped a mitten: the stratagem succeeded, and, while bruin again stopped to examine it, the fugitive, improving the interval, made considerable progress *ahead*. Still the bear resumed the pursuit, with the most provoking perseverance, excepting when arrested by another mitten, and finally by a hat, which he tore to shreds between his teeth and his paws, and would no doubt have soon made the incautious adventurer his victim, who was rapidly losing strength and heart, but for the prompt and well-timed assistance of his shipmates, who, observing that the affair had assumed a dangerous aspect, sallied out to his rescue. The little phalanx opened him a passage, and then closed to receive the bold assailant. Though now beyond the reach of his adversary, the dismayed fugitive continued onward, impelled by his fears, and never relaxed his exertions until he fairly reached the shelter of the ship! Bruin once more prudently came to a stand, and for a moment seemed to survey his enemies with all the consideration of an experienced general; when, finding them too numerous for a reasonable hope of success, he very wisely wheeled about, and succeeded in making a safe and honourable retreat."

But we must not be diverted either by narwals, whales, or bears, from our attention to the lost Greenland. On the 7—8th of June this coast was seen, supposed at the distance of 50 miles. "Our latitude (says Capt. S.) being 74° 6', I took the southernmost land in sight to be the Hold-With-Hope of Hudson; and the most northerly, having the appearance of an island, to be the eastern headland of Gale Hamke's Bay, discovered, according to the charts, in 1654."

At this time it was found impossible to approach the wished-for shore, tho' the strange, grotesque, and remarkable shapes which its icy barrier assumed, rendered it exceedingly alluring.

"The general trending of this coast, extending from Gale Hamke's Bay, in latitude 75°, to Bontekoe Island and Hold-With-Hope, in 73° 30', is SSW.

true. It is almost wholly mountainous, rugged, and barren. Its general character is not unlike that of Spitzbergen; but the quantity of snow upon it seems to be generally less. Its ordinary height I estimated at 3000 feet; an elevation which it probably attains within a mile or two of the sea."

Capt. S. took great pains to be correct in his observations; and it appears that the longitudes laid down in all our maps are very erroneous. It was beyond the middle of July before circumstances again permitted him to revisit the eastern coast, which he surveyed for some distance, and through the obstacles of which he at last successfully penetrated* on the 24th.

"Being (he states) anxious to land upon a coast, on which no navigator (a whale-fisher or two perhaps excepted) had ever set foot, I thought this a favourable opportunity for gratifying my curiosity. This curiosity was heightened almost to the utmost pitch, by the historical recollections of the Icelandic colonies that had at a remote period been planted a few degrees to the southward, upon the same line of coast,—and particularly by the hope which I could not avoid indulging, that I might be able to discover some traces of those hardy people, the fate of whom, for near four centuries, has been a problem of such intense and almost universal interest. An additional interest attached to the investigation of this country (if the interest excited by the above considerations were capable of augmentation,) was the circumstance of the singular and total failure of the many attempts of the Danes to reach this coast, for the recovery of the ancient colonies,—together with the peculiar enjoyment that necessarily arose out of the conviction, that the shore on which I designed to land was entirely unknown to Europeans, and totally unexplored.

"As we stood in, I obtained several

* "The land-ice consisted of heavy consolidated floes, having embedded in it several ice-bergs of a larger size than I ever remember to have seen before. These being probably aground, served to stake the whole of this ice firmly to the shore, where it appeared to have remained undisturbed for some years. One of the icebergs, that had an elevated peak at its extremity, was estimated to be 150 feet above the level of the sea; and another that was quite square, with vertical sides, was the height of a ship's mast, or about 100 feet."

series of bearings of headlands, &c. with altitudes of the sun for the longitude, designed for the extension of my survey. Finding the coast bold, we reached within three quarters of a mile of the beach, where we had soundings in 25 fathoms : the weather being then extremely fine, and highly favourable for my purpose, I took a boat at 5½ p. m. and proceeded to the shore. I landed in fifteen minutes on a rocky point, named Cape Lister, after a reverend friend, lying in latitude 70° 30', and longitude 21° 30' W. The coast here having changed its mountainous character, and become more level towards the south and west, we were enabled to reach the top of the cliff, which was only 300 or 400 feet high, and to travel along its brow to the westward. The rocks we ascended consisted chiefly of hornblende, in sharp, angular, irregular masses, much broken, with some of the same rock, of the slaty kind, containing much mica, and veins of feldspar. The brow of the cliff, instead of soil and verdure, presented either a naked or lichen-clad pavement of loose angular stones. Most of these, consisting principally of white quartz, with intermixed masses of sienite and hornblende-rock, had suffered so little from exposure to the atmosphere for numerous ages, excepting as to fracture, that their angles were as sharp as if they had been newly broken. Bordering the sea, these stones were almost enveloped in a covering of black lichens ; but on ascending over a sheet of snow to a superior eminence, the lichens became much less abundant. The almost total want of soil was an effectual preventive to verdure ; the vegetation was therefore confined to a few hardy lichens, with an occasional tuft of the *Andromeda tetragona*, *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, *Papaver nudicaule*, and *Ranunculus nivalis*.

"Sending the boat along shore, I traced the hill towards the west for three or four miles, passing over a continued surface of loose stones, or over beds of ice and snow, and then descended near Cape Swainson, towards the beach, consisting here of a strip of flat strand, about a furlong in breadth.—

Here, the first interesting object was discovered, consisting of a circle of stones, so artificially placed, that there could be no doubt but it was the work of man ; and soon afterwards other appearances of manual arrangement were met with. These were the remains of habitations, consisting of two circular walls, or in some places merely of rows of stones, inclosing a clear area of about five yards in diameter, laid out exactly in the manner in which the Esquimaux prepare the ground for their summer huts. Besides these, there were several hollow tumuli, neatly arched in the form of a bee-hive, with an opening either at the top or on one side. These resembled the stores wherein the Esquimaux are known to deposit the produce of their fishing or hunting, when too considerable for present use. They varied in size from 2½ to 4½ feet, interior diameter. The principal part of these remains occurred on the west side of Cape Swainson, where also some other still more striking evidences of recent habitation were found. These consisted of two cavities, inclosed by stones, on the edge of a bank, that had been employed as fire-places, and in which were the remains of the fuel that had been used in them, consisting of charred drift wood, with half-burnt moss, and a quantity of ashes. The latter, being of so light a nature as to be liable to be carried away by the melting of snow about them, impressed me with the opinion, that they had not been here during the preceding winter, but that the persons who used these simple contrivances for fire-places, must have been on the spot even in the present summer. As there were no permanent residences to be found, this place appeared to have been either resorted to as a summer fishing-station by some of the natives, or touched at in their excursions along the coast. In addition to these evidences of the present existence of inhabitants, we met with several pieces of bone and wood, which had undergone artificial fabrication ; and also the head of an arrow or small dart, rather neatly made of bone, armed with a small piece of iron. It is difficult to say whether this iron was

native, or whether it was carried on shore in the timbers of some wreck. The manufacture was a good deal similar to that of the iron implements of the Arctic Highlanders, discovered by Captain Ross; and it is not improbable but it had a similar origin. The state and situation in which it was found, indicated that it had not been long out of use. It was found lying in a little cavity of the rock, where we first landed in a pool of sea-water; yet it was not greatly corroded by rust. On the contrary, it was so little acted upon, that it did not seem to have lain many months.

"Scarcely any birds were seen on the shore, though there were abundance of roaches, doves, and some eider-ducks in the water. I only observed an arctic gull, and two small birds (one resembling a wag-tail and the other a red-pole) during the whole excursion. Numbers of winged insects, however, were met with, particularly on the hills among the stones. These consisted of several species of butterflies, with bees, and musquitoes! Near the beach were

several plants in flower, with a few that were farther advanced, and in a state of fructification. I obtained beautiful specimens of *Ranunculus nivalis* and *Andromeda tetragona*, two or three species of *Saxifraga*, *Epilobium latifolium*, *Potentilla verna*, &c. with the *Cochlearia anglica*, *Rumex digynus*, and a species of *Salix*. The latter was the only arborous plant met with. This willow expands to the extent of three or four feet, or more, and grows to the thickness of the little finger; yet so is it accommodated to the nature of the climate, that it only spreads laterally, never being observed to rise higher than two or three inches above the ground.

"No other object of interest was observed, excepting some horns of reindeer, and the bones of these or other animals; most of the bones were found about the site of the tents and huts, or in the tumuli adjoining. No sea-weed was seen on the beach, nor any shells; but in deep water, near the shore, both these productions were observed."

(Monthly Mag. April.)

NARRATIVE OF THE SHIPWRECK OF CERTAIN DUTCH VESSELS IN THE YEAR 1797, IN THE SOUTH EAST OF GREENLAND.

THE *Wilhelmina*, commanded by James H. Broerties, from Zaadam, sailed from the Texel, April 14, 1797, for the whale-fishery. June 22, they arrived near the eastern coast of Greenland, alongside of vast plains of moving ice, that overspread the sea. They cast anchor, and made preparations for the fishery. Fifty other ships had repaired to the same ports, attracted by the great number of whales frequenting them: the *Wilhelmina* took one the day after their arrival.

June 25, huge flakes of ice environed and pressed on the ship on all sides. The crew then, for eight days and nights together, had to cut and saw their way through the ice, thirteen feet in thickness, trying to get the ship clear.

A number of vessels that lay at anchor, east of them, were fortunate

enough to escape; but the *Wilhelmina*, and twenty-seven others, were fast in the ice. Seventeen, however, afterwards made their way through it.

July 25, the icebergs began to separate, and left a sort of opening. On this the captain instantly set the boats to towing the vessel. After hard and incessant rowing for four days, they found their passage intercepted by another field of ice; and here they were shut up, as it were, within a small basin. Four other ships were found here, that had struggled through numberless difficulties and dangers, but with as little hope of deliverance. Their perilous situation now alarmed the whole crew. The north wind driving the ship southerly, they came to within sight of Gale Hanken land. This is a bay on the east coast of Greenland, in 75° N. lat. and 7° 5'

long. E. of Paris. The ice showing no glimpse of any opening, the captain determined to shorten each man's allowance.

August 1st, the ice was driven so forcibly against the ship, by a rough wind, that there was the utmost danger of being crushed by it; with but little intermission of labour to the crew, and scarcely an interval of repose.

On the 16th they descried four other ships approaching them, but in a state no less critical. On the 19th, a terrible storm drove the ice-flakes with such force against the ships, that one, from Amsterdam, was very much damaged. The *Wilhelmina*, just able to keep afloat, was shattered and almost broken up, five or six feet above the water-line.

August 20, shipwreck appeared inevitable; a terrible hurricane did much damage to the ships. One from *Hamburgh* was beat to pieces, and the ice continued to accumulate to the height of twenty-four feet above the others. The *Wilhelmina*, after losing her two small boats, an anchor, and part of her rigging, was driven against another ship from *Zaadam*, commanded by *Claas Janz Castricum*. Two out of five vessels were already lost: *Castricum's* had many leaks: the two others were less damaged. The crews of the other vessels were distributed among these, with all the provisions and other effects that could be saved.

August 25, the three remaining ships were immovable in the ice. The captains dispatched twelve men to four other ships, at some distance, in the same position as themselves. From these they learned, that two ships had been crushed by the pressure of the ice, and that two others were in a truly deplorable state. Two *Hamburgh* vessels, somewhat more distant, had perished in a similar manner.

Though locked up in the ice, the ships kept driving before the wind. On the 30th of August they had sight of *Iceland*. Two days after, a part of the ice was so agitated, that two captains, profiting by the circumstance, in all likelihood gained the open sea, as they soon lost sight of them.

Though the *Wilhelmina* was hourly

threatened with destruction, it was the 13th of September ere it took place. On that day a mountain of ice came suddenly rushing down against it, with a prodigious noise, crushing every thing in its way, so sudden was the accident, that the sailors in their hammocks had not time to dress, and were obliged to escape half naked over the ice, exposed to all the injuries of the weather. With great difficulty could they save any provisions, for the ship was intersected, as it were; one part being about ten feet above the surface of the water, and the other entirely destroyed, or buried under an enormous heap of ice.

In this way another ship had been overwhelmed and lost on the 7th of September. The crew fled for an asylum to the ship of *Capt. Castricum*; with much toil, they had stopped up all the leaks, and in other respects the ship was in good condition. But the crew had no small trouble to reach the *Castricum*. The ice was not uniformly solid; clefts and crevices, opening under their feet, exposed them to the risk of a fresh wreck. At length they set up a tent on a solid part of the ice, and to guard as much as possible against the excessive cold, they kindled a fire with the wrecks of the ship. Relying with confidence on the Divine Providence, they expected relief, though it must obviously come in some extraordinary way. One inconvenience, as may readily be conceived, would intrude upon their wretched asylum; the heat of the fire melted the ice, and they had to dig holes in different places, to get rid of the water: without this precaution they must have been continually shifting their habitation.

Some rest, which these unfortunate men enjoyed in the night, served to reanimate their courage. Next day, they redoubled their efforts to reach the *Castricum*. A flame in motion, that was on its mainmast, indicated its liberation from the ice; a sight of this rekindled their ardour. The three shipwrecked captains, *Broerties*, *De Groot*, and *Volkert Jansz*, proceeded each at the head of their crew. Their route was very dangerous; for they

were obliged to leap from one ice-flake to another, and every time ran no small risk of plunging into the water.

On the 1st of October, they judged they had arrived at the end of their sufferings: but a frightful scene opened, that almost drove them to despair: the vessel was in a much more deplorable condition than before. It had been carried to a considerable distance; every moment it was in danger of being crushed by overhanging ice: at last, they were fortunate enough to reach it. Scarcely were they on-board, when there came up fifty men of the crew of the *Hamburgh* ship, that had been lost on the 30th of September. The harpooner with twelve sailors, were drowned in trying to reach Iceland, on floating fragments of the wreck.

As well as these unfortunate men were able to judge, they were then in 64° N. lat. A new misfortune threatened them: the provisions on-board the *Castricum* were too scanty to suffice for all who had repaired to it; they were soon exhausted, and these destitute mariners were obliged to feed on pieces of flesh left on the skeletons of the whales. They then fell to eating the dogs that had been in the vessels that were lost. To quench their thirst, they drank snow-water, wherein was an infusion of chips. They were now looking for death to terminate their sufferings, when the ship, that kept still driving towards the coast, came within the distance of five or six miles from the Continent. Several sailors tried, but in vain, to reach the land; they found, however, a desert island, where they gathered some black-berries off the bushes: they were obliged to remain there.

On the 10th of October, a tempest arose, which threatened the ship with instant destruction, it was still preserved, however, by the crew. The next day, enormous ice-flakes fell on the ship so as to crush, and in a manner overwhelm it. This accident was so sudden, that the men on board could save nothing to make a fire with; they had only time to collect some sails, and bring together eleven small boats: but these precautions were useless; their

safety lay in flight, and in running from one ice-flake to another, to find one solid and large enough to hold them all. No language can describe the wretchedness of their situation. Exposed to all the rigors of cold, on an immense island of ice, which was liable every instant to be dashed to pieces, almost entirely destitute of food and clothing, they could only expect dying of hunger and cold, or of being buried under blocks of ice.

It is only at the last extremity that hope abandons man. These sufferers, unwearied in their exertions to save their lives, set up two tents with the sails which they had saved; wherein they had shelter, patiently waiting for the will of Providence: but, after the 13th of October, they were under the necessity of quitting the mass of ice that supported them, as it was drifting out to sea. Then 250 men set out on a trial to reach the Continent; thirty-six others, who reckoned it impossible, remained on the ice. Those who ventured to go, being of different opinions as to the route to be taken separated into different companies. The Captains, Jansz de Groot, Hansz Christiansz, and Martin Jansz, accompanied by forty sailors, set out on the 13th of October. Each man had thirty biscuits for his whole stock of provisions. After a short, but very toilsome march, they arrived on the shore of some island, where they passed the night. On the following day they were for trying to get at the Continent, but were obstructed by an immense quagmire, or floating marsh. To their great surprise, they found some inhabitants; and it was fortunate that some of the mariners understood their language. Assistance was implored, and these savages, generally considered as inhospitable, were very ready to afford it, removing the shipwrecked crews in their canoes to their huts, and helping them to some dried fish, to the flesh of seals, and to some vegetables to appease their hunger.

They spent several days with these their benefactors; but, fearful of encroaching on the laws of hospitality by consuming all the provisions, they resolved to continue their route in

hopes of finding a Danish colony where they might obtain relief adequate to their necessities. In their long and wearisome march they passed through different tribes of the Greenlanders, with some of whom they had a kind reception, but from others had ill treatment; being frequently, also, in danger of perishing by hunger and thirst. A little moss, scratched from the surface of the rocks under the snow, and the raw flesh of the dogs which they killed, added to that of a few animals which they caught, were the only resources within their reach. At length, after numberless accidents and fatigues, they arrived on the 13th of March at Frederickshaab, a Danish settlement, where they experienced a truly generous treatment, and all possible aid was administered to them. Here they remained till they could get their health re-established and embark for Denmark. At last they were fortunate enough to arrive in Holland.

The Captains Castricum and Broerties, with such as had taken their route to the north, arrived in like manner, without any particular accident, at Frederickshaab; with the exception of Broerties, who died on the road.

Their companions in misfortune, who could not come to a resolution of joining them, had preserved a canoe, and a small quantity of provisions. The mass of ice on which they were was driving towards Staatens Hock; it would not bear them much longer, as the sea was rolling, and, with the

movement, the ice was gradually diminishing: in fact, they were in the greatest danger of being lost. In that crisis the wind changed to the north-west, and thereby enabled them to reach the land without difficulty. On the 6th of October, they found a small boat, which the crew of the Castricum had abandoned, and a man in it, who, being unable to accompany the rest, was only looking for death. On the same day, three of their comrades, that had been left behind, overtook them, having been obliged to abandon an old man on the extremity of an ice-flake, where he must have perished. They all, however, embarked, and were long tossed up and down before they could reach Greenland. The savage tribes were hospitable, sharing their wretched provisions with them. They, at last, also arrived at a Danish settlement, where provisions were in no great plenty; but they were kindly entertained with the best. At Holsteinberg (lat 67°) they learned that a ship, belonging to the King of Denmark, was at anchor about two miles from the shore. The ship was obliged to winter here, and to proceed on the fishery in the spring, before they could return to Denmark. The shipwrecked sailors sought and procured employment on board, and, after a prosperous voyage, were conveyed to Denmark, whence, finally, they obtained a passage for Holland.

Out of 400 men in the ships that were lost, only these 140 were saved.

(Mon. Mag. Ap.)

Stephensiana, No. XXV.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED COTEMPORARY CHARACTERS, &c.

VOLTAIRE UNDER THE JESUITS.

VOLTAIRE was educated by the Jesuits in Paris; and, even under their little rule, the boy gave bold indications of what the man would be under a greater. Juvenci, the excellent editor of an expurgated edition, with very correct notes, of the Roman authors, for the use of schools, happened to be at the head of the Rhetoricians when Voltaire studied in that class.

One day the professor proposed for an exercise, an Oration against Julian the Apostate. The hour of composition elapsed, the themes were gathered in, and the learned father began to read aloud, and correct them, as was his custom. Voltaire's happened to be the first paper he took up: it was a long and earnest defence of the emperor! Much to the surprise of the class, Juvenci proceeded without interruption

to the close of the speech. He then rose from his elevated seat ; threw the young philosopher his fearless essay ; and, with clerical solemnity, observed, " Young man, you will live the enemy of religion and truth ! "

LETTER FROM DR. HERSCHEL TO
LIND.

DEAR SIR,—I promised to give you early intelligence of the discovery I have made with the forty feet new Speculum. Accordingly, being now authorised, I can only say that this good telescope has pointed out to me a sixth satellite of Saturn. Its orbit is within the other five ; and, if some fine night your time will permit you to step over, I shall be glad to let you have a peep at it. With compliments to Mrs. Lind, I remain,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

WM. HERSCHEL.

Sunday Evening.

LORD LANSDOWN AND HIS PATENT
COACH.

A few years before the demise of the Marquis of Lansdown, he had a lawsuit with a fashionable coach-maker, respecting the price of a travelling coach, which he directed to be executed in the plainest style ; notwithstanding which order, the bill, when presented, amounted to the extraordinary demand of between four and five hundred pounds. This immoderate charge was consequently resisted, and eventually went into Westminster-hall : all the items were tenaciously preserved in the totting up, even to the hanging it on its own springs ; and, in the innumerable catalogue of articles annexed, there were specific charges for patent inventions of every description, introduced in the work, to render his lordship's journey as easy and accommodating as suited a peer of the realm. The advantage of all those extra *et cæteras* were strongly insisted on by the one party ; and their disadvantages as clearly made manifest on the other side. But, coming before the decision of twelve honest citizens,—all good men and true,—the chicanery of lawyers was not to overbalance the unequivocal and fair demand of a respec-

table tradesman : the marquis was consequently cast, and the lawyer's items, in addition to the original bill, by no means added to his lordship's repose in his new travelling coach ; however, to make the best of a bad bargain, he proceeded on his journey to the principality of Wales. He had not gone above fifty miles from Hyde Park corner, before a buckle, belonging to one of the spring-braces, gave way. Well, this was unlucky ; but his lordship only received a slight contusion on the head, in consequence of the sudden jolt of the coach against the perch ; and, stopping at a public-house only for half an hour or so, all was set to rights by the proper ligature of a sound piece of tar-rope ; but from that moment there seemed an uneasy motion in the travelling machine rather more undulatory than common, till the party arrived at Birmingham, when it was found, on due examination, that the perch had received a considerable injury, and had rather the appearance of being jointed in the middle. No time was to be lost : misfortunes will happen. Application was instantly made to one of the gentlemen of the trade, who very sagaciously shook his head, as not approving of the job ; and, after strict examination, further injury having been sustained by this misadventure to some of the machinery, his lordship was finally informed, that not a single man of the trade would undertake the setting it to rights, as the perch, and all the parts adjacent, were *patent inventions* ! His lordship was therefore obliged to hire another carriage till he returned.

FRENCH ENTHUSIASM.

In March 1800, while Bonaparte was conducting an army across the Alps, by the pass of the Great St. Bernard, General Bethencourt was dispatched, at the head of a thousand men, to force a passage over the same range of mountains, by the Simplon. Avalanches of snow and rocks had swept away a bridge that formed a communication over a gulph of great depth, and above sixty feet in width. In this dilemma, a soldier undertook and effected an exploit equally difficult

and dangerous. Holes had been made in the precipice, to introduce the beams which supported the bridge; by placing his feet in these holes, and catching hold of the rocky projections above them, he scaled the summit, and, fixing a rope at the opposite side of the precipice, at a proper height above the holes, the general was the first to follow him, hanging, as it were, by his hands on the rope, and trying to place his feet in the holes. In this way, the whole body of a thousand men cleared the gulph, loaded with arms and knapsacks, without the smallest accident. When the last man had passed over, five dogs, belonging to the party, threw themselves down into the gulph: three were carried off by the torrent, but the remaining two effected their landing on the other side, climbed up the opposite front of the precipice, and arrived at the feet of their masters, severely cut and bruised by the rocks.

TRAVELLING TRANSLATION.

Every person who has travelled must, at one time or another, have witnessed the whimsical effects produced by a mistake or *equivoque* in the language to which the party has not been accustomed. A most ridiculous circumstance of this kind occurred to Capt. Knatchbull, (first-cousin of Sir Edward K.) and a part of his family, travelling to Paris by the way of Lisle. Rattling at a great rate over the pavement of Peronne, one of the crane necks of the carriage suddenly broke, and he was thereby obliged to halt in that town a day, in order to have it repaired. It so happened, that the Assembly of the place was to be held on that evening; and the *aubergiste* thought it due from him, out of respect to his guests, to apprise them of the circumstance; supposing it might be agreeable to them to take part in a dance or game at cards, and enjoy the music. The gallant captain communicated to the ladies the purport of the innkeeper's visit, in order to take their pleasure upon the proposal. They signified how glad they should have been, under other circumstances, to have availed themselves of the opportunity, but that their dress-clothes were all in their trunks and could not be unpacked: to this the

captain himself subjoined, that he was still less equipped for entering such an assemblage. The host, with a reverential address, assured the company that there would not need a word of apology to the master of the ceremonies, on account of the dress of persons of their distinction,—the cause of whose honouring them with their presence would be known to him. What! said the captain to his civil landlord, "*Peut on entrer la salle de l'Assemblée en bottes et culottes de cuivre?*" (meaning *culottes de cuire*.) "Certainement, (replied he,) *monsieur peut l'entrer dans aucune habit qu'il lui plaira.*" Here the enquiry ended; but the *aubergiste* did not fail to wonder, and to express his surprise to others, that an English officer should wear *copper breeches*. The circumstance ran through the town like wildfire, and occasioned most of the heads of families in it to repair to the ball that evening, to witness what they considered a most extraordinary invention in the manufactures of their neighbouring islanders. At the usual hour the Assembly-room doors were thrown open; and, for the first time, it was witnessed, that the so highly polished French people directed more of their attention to their male guest than to the female ones, although highly gifted both in person and manner. Company continued to pour in till the room could hold no more; and the buzz of enquiry, "Which is the English officer in copper breeches?" was unceasing. It was discernible to Capt. Knatchbull himself, that something was in the wind; insomuch, that he plainly demanded why so many persons fixed their eyes on him, and on his dress in so peculiar a manner. He was then at once told, that the innkeeper had propagated the story, that a guest at his house, of distinction in family and rank in the English navy, would make one of the party that evening at the ball in *copper breeches*. In an instant it occurred to the captain, that he had substituted the word *cuivre* for *cuire*; and at once regretted and laughed that he had committed the blunder,—which however, was cleared up just in time to prevent the *aubergiste* from being

suspected of practising the deceit "of a bottle conjuror," in order to fill his house with profitable company.

EASTERN CONCEALMENT.

The love of splendid dress, which distinguishes the nations of the East, is particularly observable among the females of every rank. The wives of even the meanest labourers at Constantinople, wear occasionally brocade, rich furs, and gold or silver embroidery. Mr. Dallaway remarks, however, that though, in the East, the articles of female habiliment are infinite, both as to cost and number, yet that change of fashion is adopted only for the head attire. In the streets of Constantinople, the dress of the female consists universally of a *fredje* and *marahmah*. The

former resembles a loose riding coat, with a large square cape covered with quilted silk, and hanging down low behind, made universally among the Turks of green cloth, and among Greeks and Armenians, of brown or some other grave colour. The *marahmah* is formed by two pieces of muslin, one of which is tied under the chin, enveloping the head, and the other across the mouth and half the nose, admitting space enough for sight. Yellow boots are drawn over the feet, and thus equipped, a woman may meet the public eye without scandal. This dress is of very ancient invention; nor as long as concealment is the object required, can a better be invented.

One truth in physic is worth a thousand fanciful theories, however ingenious. The following instance of a complete cure of the dropsy, by the practice of smoking, unassisted by any of the restorative powers of medicine, has just been communicated to me by my friend, the Rev. JOHN DAVIS, pastor of Bexley-heath Chapel, Kent; and is so strikingly convincing of the salutary effects of tobacco, (at least in some constitutions,) that I cannot refrain from sending it to your widely extended and excellent Miscellany.

Cullum-street, April 1823.

In the year 1805 (says Mr. Davis,) my friend Mr. Hopkins, cider-merchant, of Turley, near Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, was so dreadfully afflicted with that most tormenting malady the dropsy, that, when he sat upright in his chair, he was unable, from the immense load of watery humours which penetrated every fluid aperture, to bring his arms round sufficiently to permit his hands to meet: in fact, his form resembled more the appearance of a bale of wet sponge than that of a human being. I left him for two years, to go to my ministerial circuit, expecting never

to see him more alive; but judge how infinitely great was my surprise and pleasure to find him, on my return, a complete renovated man, sound and whole, and completely cured of his dropsy. Upon my asking him to what miraculous means he attributed so thorough a restoration of that invaluable blessing—health, Mr. H. informed me that it was entirely owing to his taking to the practice of smoking, which he persevered in for two years, until, to use his own phrase, "it made him entirely a new man."

PREFIGURATIONS OF REMOTE EVENTS.

With a total disbelief in all the vulgar legends of supernatural agency, and *that* upon firmer principles than I fear most people could assign for their incredulity, I must yet believe that the "soul of the world" has in some instances sent forth mysterious types of the cardinal events, in the great historic drama of our planet. One has been noticed by a German author, and it is placed beyond the limits of any rational

scepticism; I mean the coincidence between the augery derived from the flight of the twelve vultures as types of the duration of the Roman empire, i. e. Western Empire, for twelve centuries, and the actual event. This augery, we know, to have been recorded many centuries before its consummation; so that no juggling or collusion between the prophets and the witnesses to the final event can be suspected. Some

others might be added. At present I shall notice a coincidence from our own history, which, though not so important as to come within the class of prefigurations, I have been alluding to, is yet curious enough to deserve mention. The oak of Boscobel and its history are matter of household knowledge. It is not

equally well known, that in a medal, struck to commemorate the installation (about 1636) of Charles II. then Prince of Wales, as a Knight of the Garter, amongst the decorations was introduced an oak-tree with the legend—"Se-
ris factura nepotibus umbram." Z.

March 1823.

EFFECTS OF INTOXICATION.

If instances of the melancholy effects of intoxication were wanting, the following would be in itself a host. On Sept. 2d, 1810, Mr. Jackson of Dewsbury, druggist, paid a visit to a friend in Rothwell jail, where he thoughtlessly indulged too freely in the bottle. In his way home, passing near a Methodist Chapel, in which the congregation were assembled, in a frolic, he rode in, and disturbed them. For this foolish action, he was carried back to prison, whence he scrawled a note to his wife at Wakefield, where he had promised to call on

her to accompany her home from her sister's funeral. This note was not delivered till the morning, when she procured a chaise for Dewsbury; but the anxiety she had undergone during the night, brought on premature labour, and her husband found her almost exhausted on his return in the evening. She languished till the 6th, when she died; and her husband became mad. A violent fever was the consequence, in which he died in the greatest misery on the 13th!

THE ALUCITA PALLIDA.

The *Alucita pallida*, or Straw-coloured Chinch, it may be worth while to notice, especially as the practice of keeping the plant alluded to, both in our bed-rooms and sitting rooms, seems to be rapidly increasing on account of its fragrance. This is a creature, says Dr. Hill, very strange in its nature and history, and once came as strangely before me. A studious gentleman, very subject to the head-ache, which he and his physician both attributed to great attention, sneezing one day with violence as he was writing, saw some atoms a moment afterwards upon the writing paper, and they plainly moved; he doubled up the paper and brought it to me, when we laid a parcel of these

moving particles before the lucernal microscope, they appeared in continual motion, vibrating their antlers, shaking their wings, and turning up their tails to their heads in the manner of ear-wigs, but with incredible swiftness. 'Twas palpable they had been discharged from his nose, and 'tis easy to see from whence they were thrown, and to understand how they might have caused intolerable pain, whilst they were thus rousing and moving their irritating hairs and feathers, upon a part where the very substance of the brain is almost naked. I had seen the same species inhabiting the flowers of the plant, *mignonette*, and, on enquiring, found that he had that plant in his chamber.

THE STRAWBERRY.

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn
I saw good *Strawberries* in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them.

The common species of this fruit obtained its name from the running stems which, in the language of our forefathers, were strawed or strewed over the ground, and the fruit of which had been inadvertently called a berry. The ap-

pearance of this humble bush and the excellence of the fruit it bears are well portrayed in the following plaintive lines:—

The strawberry blooms upon its lowly bed:
Plant of my native soil! The lime may fling
More potent fragrance on the zephyr's wing,
The milky *cocoa* richer juices shed,
The white *guava* lovelier blossoms spread;

But not, like thee, to fond remembrance bring
 The vanished hours of life's enchanting spring;
Short calendar of joys forever fled!
 Thou bidd'st the scenes of childhood rise to view
 The wild wood path which fancy loves to trace,
 Where, veiled in leaves thy fruits of rosy hue,
 Lurked on a pliant stem with modest grace.

It would be impossible to notice all the sorts of this delicate and salutary fruit, and improper not to mention the most remarkable. The first of these is the *Common Wood* strawberry; the fruit of which is small and generally red. In England, where it is too much shaded by woods and hedges, it generally has but little flavour; though, in warmer countries, it becomes larger and higher flavoured. There is a subordinate variety of this sort called the *White Wood*-strawberry, which ripens rather later in the season. This is often preferred for its quick flavour; but, as it is less productive than the other, is not so much cultivated. The *Alpine* strawberry-bush is taller than either of these: the fruit is larger, and both red and white. This is a very valuable kind, continuing in fruit from June till the autumn frosts set in; and on this account, the Dutch call it *Everlasting strawberry*. The rough-fruited kind of strawberry is merely an accidental variety. The *Hautboy* is the kind most cultivated in England. This will soon degenerate where neglected; but, when well managed in a good soil, will produce a great quantity of large well-flavoured fruit. The *Chili* strawberry yields

plenty of firm, well-flavoured fruit; but being unproductive, has been generally neglected. The *Scarlet* strawberry, which differs very much from the common sort in leaf, flower, and fruit, is the first strawberry that becomes ripe, and is also thought to be the best kind now known. The *Pine* strawberry has something of the smell and taste of the pine-apple. Strawberries, either eaten separately or with sugar and milk, are universally esteemed a most delicious fruit. They are grateful and cooling, and seldom disagree with the stomach, even when taken in large quantities. They promote perspiration, and have been known to give great relief in the gout and stone, when eaten daily. The first physicians have successfully prescribed them for consumptive habits. The strawberry surpasses the raspberry as a dissolver of the tartar which destroys the teeth, but requires more care in the cultivation. They grow best in a delicate loam, and will not bear much fruit in a light soil. The low growth and nature of this creeping plant are noticed by SHAKSPEARE, who says, Henry V. act I. sc. I.

*The Strawberry grows underneath the Nettle,
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.*

We shall conclude the praises of the Strawberry with the quaint saying of an old writer: *God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but certainly he never did.*

CORPULENCY.

Let me have men about me that are fat,
 Sleek-headed men, and men that sleep o' nights.
Julius Caesar, Act I.

Dr. Clarke, alluding to the Pyramids, says: "The mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms,—that in vastness, *whatever be its nature*, there dwells sublimity." Why, then, may not the moving mountains in society, the human Appenines, have their dignity? Why may not the ambling Pyrennees, the Olympi, and the Caucasi of flesh and blood, be justly celebrated as great men in their day and generation? They fill their place in society; though it must be owned, that if Mr. Malthus's theories for thin-

ning population are not realized, they may yet be so wedged as to have their obesity, or bodily bulk, in danger of being lessened. These jolly gentlemen, whose looks proclaim an everlasting war with Lent, however they may be cursed by drivers of stage-coaches when they do not pay double-fare, are still to be highly respected, and especially by authors, who rarely present any other show than that of decently-covered skeletons. With what envious eyes does the drudge of Parnassus view those who cannot be blown away, when they are looking at Bowles's print-shop in St. Paul's Church-yard, the windiest place in London. Unquestionably, he who rolls along under a heap of fat,

who makes the very earth groan under him, is more to be admired, even as a picturesque object, than a mere literary anatomy, who is obliged to wear lead in his shoes, lest he be blown away, like Philetas of Coos, a very good poet, (*ergo*, lean) and preceptor to Ptolemy Philadelphus. Ælian thinks that the poet-laureat of Coos had his shoes soled with lead. However this may be, it is a matter of great odds, in these days, if a modern poet gets any shoes at all, whatever mercury he may have in his head. But to resume: With respect to the beauty and sublimity of these 'mountaineers,' whose jolly and rubicund countenance, and portly shew, strike us with admiration, it may be fairly stated, that, according to Mr. Burke's ideas of the beautiful and sublime, rotundity forms a considerable part of the line of beauty; and, after all, Hogarth's famed serpentine line of beauty is more to be found in fat men than in the lean kine, whose bony protuberances do not counterbalance their flexibility of body. Besides, such happy mortals must also be *upright* men; if they stoop they are lost. Their lungs must have as much play as the celebrated Haarlem organ, that requires several pair of bellows to fill the pipes. Again: they are men of a fine and happy disposition. Yes, it is the effect of a cheerful and contented temper, which is not ruffled into anxiety by trifling occurrences (whence the truth of the adage, 'laugh and be fat;') for nothing is more certain, than that corroding cares and anxieties disturb the corporeal functions, especially the digestion and assimilation of the aliment, and of course diminish the supply of blood. Erasmus speaks of the Gordii, who preferred the fattest men to their throne. Perhaps they thought such to be more peaceably inclined than those active stirring spirits, like lean and wrinkled Cassius, enemies to quiet, who bustle about the earth, with care-worn looks, disturbing every one. It is even asserted, that a happy temper, and not high feeding, is the cause of this vast effect. We dare not philosophise here, else it would appear that the whole of the French nation *ought to be fat*; for they enjoy an eternal sunshine of good

spirits. Still a very fat man is the glory of butchers. Such men also call forth the flowers of poetry. Webb gives an epitaph on Dr. S——:

Take heed, O good traveller, and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. St—t—d, in all this church-yard.

Our good King Edward III. however, seemed to have a design against our fat London aldermen; for when he invaded France, in 1475, he took care to be accompanied by the most corpulent Aldermen of London; '*Les bourgeois de Londres les plus chargez de ventre*;' and the most indolent ones, 'that the necessary fatigues of war might the sooner incline them to peace.' The money-making citizen, the substantial farmer, the keepers of inns, (and especially their wives) these are the people whose rotundity marks the superabundance of their *indigesta*.

The Romans behaved very ill-naturally in this respect, for they took away the houses of such men as were fat and corpulent, considering, that thro' indolence and luxury they had unfitted themselves for the services of their country. It is furthermore pretty clear, that these jolly souls are utterly disqualified from being Lent preachers. They! with their fresh and red complexions, and compass of body, to bewail the corruptions of the world, and preach up the laws of mortification and abstinence! It would be a joke of the highest order. The leaner a Lent lecturer therefore is, the more effect he will give, holding himself up as a sample.

There is another inconvenience to which the corpulent must submit, and that is an absolute negation to horsemanship. Two brothers in the neighbourhood of Halifax, Yorkshire, named Stoneclift, were so bulky, that the eldest, about 40 years of age, weighed 35 stone odd pounds, at 14 pounds to the stone, or about 500 weight. His brother weighed 34 stone odd pounds, and both together 70 stone, or 980 pounds weight. As one of them was mounting a horse, the poor creature's back broke under him, and he died on the spot!

Mr. Spooner, a farmer at Shelington, weighed 40 stone and 9 pounds, measuring about 6 feet across the shoulders. His fatness once saved his life, when stabbed by a Jew, for the knife did not penetrate beyond the thick coat of fat.

THE FINE ARTS.

History of Architecture.

If Architecture were to be considered merely as the science of building, it might safely be asserted that its origin must have been nearly coeval with that of the human race. In the present epitome, however, we shall confine ourselves to a glance or two at its history, as one of the branches of the Fine Arts. In this view of the subject, we necessarily begin with Grecian Architecture.

The only authentic accounts we have respecting Grecian Architecture commence about 600 years before Christ; and it appears that in the course of about three centuries, that is, from the age of Solon and Pythagoras to the age of Pericles, all those inventions and improvements took place, which rendered Grecian Architecture the model of beauty and perfection. Anterior to the Macedonian conquest, the temples of Greece and of its colonies seem to have been of one order, the Doric, and of one general form; and it is probable, from the nature of that form, the earliest Greek temples were of wood. The strength and simplicity of the Doric order, as finely illustrated in one of its most admirable examples, the Parthenon at Athens, give it a peculiar claim to the character of sublimity. By the invention of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, the resources of architectural composition were considerably extended. The former was no doubt invented in the country the name of which it bears. Vitruvius fancifully supposes that this graceful order was founded on the imitation of the female form, as he also imagines that the proportions of the more sturdy Doric were determined by those of men. Every body knows the origin of the Corinthian order. A young maiden of Corinth having died, her nurse collected in a basket the toys of which she had been fond when alive, and left them near her grave, covering the basket with a tile to preserve its contents from the weather. The basket happened to be set upon the root of an Acanthus, and the plant being thus depressed in the middle, its leaves and stalk spread outwards, and grew up around the sides of the basket, till they were bent down by the tile, which lay projecting over the top. Callimachus, the sculptor, passing by, was struck with the pleasing appearance of the whole; and adopted it as the capital of a new order, of more delicate proportions than had been until that time used.

About the period at which Grecian Architecture was rising to eminence, the Tuscans, by whose name one of the five orders of Architecture is still known, began to distinguish themselves in Italy, and especially in Rome, the walls and the Capitol of which were built by them. The conquest of Greece, and subsequently of Asia, gave the Romans at once a taste for the Fine Arts and the means of indulgence. One of the earliest and most celebrated Roman architects was Cossutius, who, about two hundred years

before the Christian era, was employed by King Antiochus to proceed with the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, which Pisistratus had begun. The extent, the materials, and the decorations of the dwellings of Rome, under the Emperors, were such as almost to exceed the bounds of credibility. Augustus particularly signalized himself in this respect; and it was his boast that he left a city of marble, which he had found of brick. He was emulated by Herod the Great, King of Judea, whose architectural designs were conceived and executed upon a scale which surpassed all others of that age, and by whom the Temple of Jerusalem was rebuilt;—a magnificent and wonderful undertaking which occupied during eight years the labour of ten thousand artificers. The Emperor Domitian was fond of Architecture, but his taste was very indifferent. Soon after his time flourished Apollodorus, an architect of extraordinary powers. Under his direction was constructed the celebrated bridge over the Danube; a work surpassing in its kind every thing that the Architecture of Greece or Rome had produced. In all the noble edifices that were raised by Trajan, he was employed or consulted; and the stately column in Rome, which is yet standing entire, distinguished by the name of Trajan's Pillar, is a monument to his abilities. Apollodorus fell a victim to the revenge of the Emperor Adrian, by whom he was ordered to be put to death in consequence of a sarcasm, in which the indiscreet architect had indulged, on a temple built after one of Adrian's own designs. Nevertheless, Adrian was a great encourager of Architecture. By him were built the city of Antinopolis, in the south of Egypt, and that wall of defence in the North of England, 80 miles long, the ruins of which still bear his name. He also completed the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, in Athens, which had been 600 years in building. The period of the Antonines produced some good works in Architecture; of which the column yet standing, commonly called Antonine's, is one example. It may here be observed, that the introduction of arches into buildings by the Romans had operated an essential change in the forms and principles of Architecture. While this was an extraordinary improvement in the art of construction, it may, perhaps, be doubted, whether by destroying the inestimable simplicity of Grecian Architecture, it did not lead to its deterioration as a Fine Art. Certain it is, that from the period of the Antonines the art declined; and the vast palace erected by Dioclesian at Spalatro may be considered as the final degradation of good Architecture in the Western Empire. The removal of the seat of empire to Constantinople taking place after the Fine Arts had received their mortal wound, that city was never illustrated by any public works of a pure and noble taste. The church of St. Sophia, founded by Jus-

tinian, though a grand effort of construction, is of barbarous Architecture.

We now descend to the middle ages, and change the scene to our own country. The Saxon style of architecture was in a great measure the Roman, rudely and incorrectly executed. Its characteristic features were thick walls, generally without buttresses; and the arches employed in it were nearly all semicircular. Then came the Norman architecture, practised by that people after their conquest of England, but which was little more than an adoption of the style of Architecture of their Saxon predecessors; the only material difference being in the superior magnitude of the Norman structures, and the more frequent use in them of stone, together with a neater mode of building, and the introduction of some newly-invented ornaments. The prelates in the early Norman reigns were men of consummate skill in Architecture; especially Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, who flourished at the latter end of the eleventh century. Of the twenty-two English cathedrals, no less than fifteen retain considerable portions which are undoubtedly of Norman workmanship. From the year 1155 the style of Architecture practised by the Normans began to be mixed with new forms and decorations; and at length it was superseded by that much more elegant and lofty style of building, vulgarly and improperly denominated Gothic.

Rather before the middle of the twelfth century, and not earlier, a new style of ecclesiastical architecture was produced, it is believed first in this country, called the pointed style. When it is recollected that the power of the Goths was every where crushed in the course of the sixth, and their very name extinguished in the beginning of the eighth century, it will be evident how inapplicable the term "Gothic" is to pointed Architecture. The origin of pointed Architecture has been the subject of great dispute. By the best authorities it is attributed to the Norman English, and to the English. After its introduction, it underwent great changes. There are three distinct orders in this style. The characteristic of the first order is the acute arch; and it lasted from the middle of the twelfth to the end of the thirteenth century. Of this order, Lincoln, Beverley, and Salisbury churches are examples. The chief characteristic of the second order is the perfect or equilateral arch, the reign of which was from the end of the thirteenth until after the middle of the fifteenth century. To this order, York Minster, and the naves of Winchester and Canterbury cathedrals belong. The characteristic of the third order is the obtuse arch, which grew into fashion about the last-mentioned period, and lasted until the downfall of pointed Architecture itself, in the middle of the sixteenth century, overloaded with ornament and having lost its original character of majesty and awfulness. The finest specimens of this third order are the Royal Chapels of St. George at Windsor, of King's College at Cambridge, and of

Henry the Seventh at Westminster. From about the beginning of the reign of Edward VI. until the introduction of the pure Grecian style, a truly barbarous taste in Architecture prevailed.

Brunelleschi, born in 1377, and who, having examined and measured the ruins of Rome with extreme diligence, discovered the orders and recognised the rules of the art, which he subsequently applied in his own works, may be regarded as the founder of modern Architecture. One of his greatest performances is the cupola of the vast cathedral of St. Maria del Fiore, at Florence. Bramante, following Brunelleschi's example in the sedulous study of the remains of antiquity, restored to Architecture the taste and beauty which had been so long absent from her works. Julius II. having formed the project of rebuilding the basilica of St. Peter on a plan of unequalled magnificence, entrusted the execution to Bramante in 1513. Unfortunately, however, the artist did not possess the practice as well as the theory of his art; and the vast undertaking in question was carried on by Raphael, San Gallo, and Michael Angelo; to whom the final design of the edifice is principally due. Architecture continued to flourish in Italy, under the great names of Vignola, Seolio, Palladio, and Scamozzi; all of whom served their art by their writings as well as by their buildings. The list of good Italian architects closes with Bernini; the most eminent artist of the seventeenth century. His contemporary, and envious rival, Boromini, was the corruptor of Architectural taste, and buried the legitimate forms of art under the most absurd and incredible caprices.

Pierre Lescot, who flourished in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was the first French Architect who abandoned what was called the Gothic for the revived antique style. To the restoration of the genuine principles of Architecture, Philibert de Lorme, who lived in the same age, mainly contributed. But perhaps the greatest architectural genius that France ever produced was Francois Mansart, born in 1598. The Chateau de Maisons, near St. Germain, is one of his *chef d'œuvres*. Francois Mansart is, however, reproached with a want of stability in his ideas, which caused him to make frequent alterations in the execution of his works, and prevented him from being employed in some of the greatest undertakings of his age. His nephew, Jules Hardouin Mansart, executed the palace of Versailles, St. Cyr, the Place and Church of the Invalids, and the other principal works of the magnificent reign of Louis XIV. The *facade* of the Louvre, one of the most beautiful examples of modern Architecture, was the production of Claude Perrault. The only remaining French Architects deserving notice are Blondel, who built the celebrated Porte St. Denis, and Soufflot, the Architect of the Church of St. Genevieve, at Paris.

England can boast of only two illustri-

ous names in this important branch of the fine arts. The first is that of Inigo Jones, born in 1572; the restorer of ancient Architecture in this country: and who, as he was the earliest, may also be regarded as the greatest English Architect. The Hospital at Greenwich, and the Banqueting-house

at Whitehall, are among the most celebrated of his works. The other name is that of Sir Christopher Wren, who has left many monuments of his talent and scientific skill, the most striking of which is the noble and venerable Cathedral at St. Paul's.

ORIGINAL FRENCH ANECDOTES.

(Literary Gazette.)

MADAME CAMPAN'S MEMOIRS OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MARIA ANTOINETTE.

THE curiosity excited by our notice of this most interesting work will very speedily render any review of it a twice told tale; for, as we stated, it contains matter so attractive to every class, that it is not likely to remain many weeks without finding its way into libraries and literary societies, and, by being generally perused, making comment unnecessary and extract superfluous. Till that period arrives, however, we conceive it to be our pleasant duty to continue this paper, and convey, to distant and foreign readers especially, an idea of Madame Campan's delightful labours, and of the unhappy circumstances of Marie Antoinette, as recorded by her faithful pen.

The narrative of the reign of Louis xv. though of very striking and disgraceful character, and altogether entertaining and instructive (in the sense that beacons are useful,) must not be allowed to detain us from the main story—that of Marie Antoinette, who, it is ominously told, “born on the day of the Lisbon earthquake,” 2d Nov. 1755, arrived at Versailles just as the party which brought her there, that of the Duke de Choiseul, reached the point of its fall. It is lamentable to wade through the intrigues and political struggles by which she was soon made unhappy, and in consequence of which (together with the profligacy of Louis xv. and the abominable tyranny of the government,) the bloody visitation of the revolution fell upon the royal race, the nobility, and the nation. We turn to more grateful subjects.

“In consequence of the fire in the Place Louis xv. which occurred at the time of the nuptial entertainments, the

dauphin and dauphiness sent their whole income for the year, to the relief of the unfortunate families who lost their relatives on that disastrous day.

“This act of generosity is in itself of the number of those ostentatious kindnesses, which are dictated by the policy of princes, at least, as much as by their compassion: but the grief of Marie Antoinette was genuine, and lasted several days; nothing could console her for the loss of so many innocent victims; she spoke of it, weeping to her ladies, when one of them thinking, no doubt, to divert her mind, told her that a great number of thieves had been found among the bodies, and that their pockets were filled with watches and other valuables: ‘They have at least been well punished,’ added the person who related these particulars. ‘Oh, no! no, madam!’ replied the dauphiness, ‘they died by the side of honest people.’”

When the dauphiness became Queen, she displayed great dislike to etiquette, and, we dare say, not one of our trembling female readers will wonder at it after they have skimmed the following extract, particularly if “*time: winter*” may be added to the farce.

“The princess's toilette was a masterpiece of etiquette; every thing done on the occasion, was in a prescribed form. Both the dame d'honneur and the tire-woman usually attended and officiated, assisted by the principal lady in waiting, and two inferior attendants. The tire-woman put on the petticoat, and handed the gown to the Queen. The dame d'honneur poured out the water for her hands, and put on her body linen. When a princess of

the royal family happened to be present while the Queen was dressing, the dame d'honneur yielded to her the latter act of office, but still did not yield it directly to the princesses of the blood; in such a case, the dame d'honneur was accustomed to present the linen to the chief lady in waiting, who, in her turn, handed it to the princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously, as affecting her rights. One winter's day it happened that the Queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her body linen; I held it ready unfolded for her; the dame d'honneur came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A rustling was heard at the door; it was opened: and in came the duchess d'Orleans; she took her gloves off, and came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong in the dame d'honneur to hand it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the princess: a further noise—it was the countess de Provence; the duchess d'Orleans handed her the linen. All this while the Queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel cold: Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and, in doing so, knocked the Queen's cap off. The Queen laughed to conceal her impatience, but not until she had muttered several times, 'How disagreeable! how tiresome!'

How dangerous may a dislike to such frivolities be if you war against established usages even though bad ones!

"One of the customs most disagreeable to the Queen, was, that of dining every day in public. Marie Leckzinska had constantly submitted to this wearisome practice: Marie Antoinette followed it as long as she was dauphiness. The dauphin dined with her, and each branch of the family had its public dinner daily. The ushers suf-

fered all decently-dressed people to enter; the sight was the delight of persons from the country. At the dinner hour, there were none to be met upon the stairs but honest folks, who, after having seen the dauphiness take her soup, went to see the princes eat their bouilli, and then ran themselves out of breath to behold Mesdames at their desert.

"Very ancient usage, too, required that the queens of France should appear in public, surrounded only by women; even at meal times, no persons of the other sex attended to serve at table; and although the King ate publicly with the Queen, yet he himself was served by women with every thing, which was presented to him directly at table. The dame d'honneur, kneeling for her own accommodation upon a low stool, with a napkin upon her arm, and four women in full dress, presented the plates to the King and Queen. The dame d'honneur handed them drink. This service had formerly been the right of the maids of honour. The Queen, upon her accession to the throne, abolished the usage altogether; she also freed herself from the necessity of being followed, in the palace of Versailles, by two of her women in court dresses, during those hours of the day when the ladies in waiting were not with her. From that time she was accompanied only by a single valet de chambre and two footmen. All the errors of Marie Antoinette were of the same description with those which I have just detailed. A disposition gradually to substitute the simple customs of Vienna for those of Versailles, was more injurious to her than she could possibly have imagined." - - -

"Brought up in a court where simplicity was combined with majesty; placed at Versailles, between an importunate dame d'honneur, and an imprudent adviser, it is not surprising, that when she became Queen, she should be desirous of evading disagreeables, the indispensable necessity of which she could not see: this error sprung from a true feeling of sensibility. This unfortunate princess, against whom the opinions of the French people were at length greatly excited, pos-

* It is a curious coincidence, that in reviewing two publications in one week, we should almost by accident have to contrast the toilettes of Marie Antoinette and Napoleon Buonaparte! So "runs the world away."—Ed.

sessed qualities which deserved to obtain the highest degree of popularity. None could doubt this, who, like myself, had heard her with delight, describe the patriarchal manners of the house of Lorraine. She was accustomed to say, that by transplanting their manners into Austria, the princes of that house had laid the foundation of the unassailable popularity enjoyed by the imperial family. She frequently related to me the interesting manner in which the dukes of Lorraine levied the taxes. 'The sovereign prince,' said she, 'went to church; after the sermon he rose, waved his hat in the air, to shew that he was about to speak, and then mentioned the sum, whereof he stood in need. Such was the zeal of the good Lorrainers, that men have been known to take away linen or household utensils, without the knowledge of their wives, and sell them to add the value to the contribution. It sometimes happened, too, that the prince received more money than he had asked for, in which case he restored the surplus.' "

Madame Campan asserts that the famous *man with the iron mask* never wore one, and was simply a Piedmontese prisoner, of a dangerous character, in consequence of his disposition to intrigue; but her explanations will, we think, hardly be deemed satisfactory. The visit of the Emperor Joseph II. to his sister, however, furnishes a picture more attractive than this inquiry.

-- "The first interview between the Queen and her august brother, took place in the presence of all the Queen's household. It was extremely affecting; the feelings of nature excite the strongest interest, when displayed by sovereigns in all their unrestrained force.

"The Emperor was, at first, generally admired in France; learned men, well-informed officers, and celebrated artists, felt the great extent of his information. He made less impression at court, and very little in the private circle of the King and Queen. His manners were eccentric, his frankness often degenerated into rudeness, and his simplicity appeared evidently affected; all these characteristics made him looked

upon as a prince rather singular than admirable. The Queen spoke to him about the apartment she had prepared for him in the castle; the Emperor answered that he would not accept of it, and that while travelling he always lodged at a *public house* (that was his very expression :) the Queen insisted, and assured him that he should be at perfect liberty, and placed out of the reach of noise. He replied, that he knew the castle of Versailles was extensive enough, and that he might claim a place there, as well as any of the numerous *blackguards* who were lodged in it; but that his valet de chambre had made up his camp-bed, in a ready-furnished house, and there he would lodge."

At table "the Emperor would there say a great deal, and fluently; he expressed himself in our language with facility, and the singularity of his expressions added a zest to his conversation. I have often heard him say, that he liked *spectaculous* objects, when he meant to express such things as formed a show, or a scene worthy of interest. He disguised none of his prejudices upon the subject of the etiquette and customs of the court of France; and even in the presence of the King made these the subject of his sarcasms.

"The Queen's toilette was likewise a never-failing subject for animadversion with the Emperor. He blamed her for having introduced too many new fashions; and teased her about her use of rouge, to which his eyes could not accustom themselves. One day, while she was laying on more of it than usual, before going to the play, he advised her to put on still more; and pointing out a lady who was in the room, and was, in truth, highly painted. 'A little more under the eyes,' said the Emperor to the Queen: 'lay on the rouge like a fury, as that lady does.' The Queen entreated her brother to cease observations of this sort, and, at all events, to address them, when they were so severe, to her alone."

These extracts have gone so far that we have only farther room to intimate that a rather extraordinary and mysterious reason is hinted at (p. 181. vol. i.) for there being for a long time no issue

to the crown ; and to close with one or two letters of the Emperor Joseph, quoted in the Appendix, which impress us with a high opinion of his good sense—

TO A LADY.

"Madam,—I do not think that it is amongst the duties of a monarch to grant places to one of his subjects, merely because he is a gentleman. That, however, is the inference from the request you have made to me. Your late husband was, you say, a distinguished general, a gentleman of good family ; and thence you conclude, that my kindness to your family can do no less than give a company of foot to your second son, lately returned from his travels.

"Madam, a man may be the son of a general, and yet have no talent for command. A man may be of a good family, and yet possess no other merit than that which he owes to chance, the name of gentleman.

"I know your son, and I know what makes the soldier ; and this two-fold knowledge convinces me that your son has not the disposition of a warrior, and that he is too full of his birth, to leave the country a hope of his ever rendering it any important service.

"What you are to be pitied for, madam, is, that your son is not fit either for an officer, a statesman, or a priest ; in a word, that he is nothing more than a gentleman, in the most extended acceptation of the word.

"You may be thankful to that destiny, which, in refusing talents to your son, has taken care to put him in possession of great wealth, which will sufficiently compensate him for other deficiencies, and enable him, at the same time, to dispense with any favour from me.

"I hope you will be impartial enough, to feel the reasons which prompt me to refuse your request. It may be disagreeable to you, but I consider it necessary. Farewell, madam.

"Your sincere well-wisher,
"Lachsenburg, 4th Aug. 1787. JOSEPH."

TO POPE PIUS VI.

"Most Holy Father,—The funds of the clergy of my dominions are not destined, as has been boldly said at Rome, to expire with my reign, but rather to become a relief to my people ; and as their continuation, as well as the displeasure which has burst forth upon this subject, are within the jurisdiction of history, posterity will be masters of the matter without our co-operation : this, then, will be a monument of my time, and I hope not the only one.

"I have suppressed the superfluous convents, and the still more superfluous societies : their revenues serve to support curates and to ameliorate the primary institutions ; but amidst all the confidence in

matters of account, which I am obliged to place in persons employed by the state, the funds of the latter, have with me, absolutely nothing in common with those of the church. An action should be judged of only by its intention, and the results of this action can only be appreciated by their success, which will not be known for some years.

"I see, however, that logic is not the same at Rome, as it is in my dominions ; and hence arises this want of harmony between Italy and the empire.

"If your holiness had taken the charitable care to inform yourself, at the proper source, of what was passing in my territories, many things would not have happened ; but there were people at Rome, who, as appears to me, would have darkness spread itself more and more over our poor globe.

"You have now the brief account of the causes which have compelled my arrangements ; I hope you will excuse the conciseness of my letter, on consideration, that I have neither the time nor the talent necessary for discussing so vast a theme in the manner used in a Roman museum.

"I pray God still long to preserve you to his church, and to send one of his angels before you, to prepare for you the ways of heaven.

"Your most obedient son in Jesus Christ,
"Vienna, July, 1784. JOSEPH."

TO A LADY.

"Madame,—You know my disposition : you are not ignorant that the society of the ladies is to me a mere recreation, and that I have never sacrificed my principles to the fair sex. I pay but little attention to recommendations, and I only take them into consideration, when the person, in whose behalf I may be solicited, possesses real merit.

"Two of your sons are already loaded with favours. The eldest, who is not yet twenty, is chief of a squadron in my army ; and the younger has obtained a prebend at Cologne, from the Elector my brother. What would you have more ? Would you have the first a general, and the second a bishop ?

"In France you may see colonels in leading strings ; and in Spain, the royal princes command armies even at eighteen ; hence prince Stahremberg forced them to retreat so often, that they were never able, all the rest of their lives, to comprehend any other manœuvre.

"It is necessary to be sincere at court, and severe in the field, stoical without obduracy, magnanimous without weakness, and to gain the esteem of our enemies by the justice of our actions ; and this, madam, is what I aim at.

"Vienna, September, 1787. JOSEPH."

"(Extract from the unedited letters from Joseph II. published at Paris, by Persan, 1822.)"

(Literary Gazette, Apr.)]

THE public is indebted to Mr. Boys for several well got up and pleasing works of a similar description to the present. The Percy Anecdotes, though stretched by success a little beyond the convenient limit, have been very popular; and there are a number of amusing things in this new collection, hardly with propriety called '*Relics*' of Literature, to recommend it to like favour. Such books require little of the Reviewers' labours; their editors being the pioneers who dig for readers, and leave nothing for those who follow but to say how they have done their work, and look out specimens of their workmanship. Among materials so various, it may be readily supposed that there are articles of an inferior, of a common, and of a better quality; some scarcely worth preserving, some with too little of novelty, and some of considerable rarity and value. Such is the case; and the union of the whole is, as we have stated, very agreeable and entertaining. An appropriate frontispiece contains fac-similes of Royal signatures, from Henry VIII. to George IV., as well as those of several distinguished persons; and an advertisement defines the author's pretensions as a collector of motley, from published books, a collator of MSS., or an original writer. For ourselves we have to notice, that we do not meet much with which we had not previously some acquaintance; but our examples shall endeavour to avoid the topics most generally familiar:

"*Jockie is growne a Gentleman.*"*

"Among the most rare ballads in the English language is one entitled, '*Jockie is grown a gentleman.*' It is

* In the reign of Elizabeth, as appears from a return of foreigners residing in London, there were only forty Scots in the English capital. On the accession of James, his Northern subjects naturally flocked to the seat of Government. Their numbers increased so rapidly, that in February 1606, it was debated in Parliament whether they should be admitted to the benefit of naturalization. In the Commons, 14th Feb. exactly 217 years ago (what changes have since taken place!!!) "Mr.

a satire levelled against the numerous train of Scotch adventurers who emigrated to England in the reign of James

Fuller began the debate. The principal grounds of his argument were, 'That God had made people fit for every country; some for a cold, some for a hot climate; and those several countries he had adapted to their several natures and qualities. All grounds are not fit for one kind of grain; but some for oats, some for wheat, &c. Suppose one man is owner of two pastures, with one hedge to divide them, the one pasture bare, the other fertile and good. A wise owner will not pull down the hedge, but make gates to let the cattle in and out at pleasure; otherwise they will rush in in multitudes, and much against their will return. That the Union was no more than two arms of one body. But before they be admitted, it is proper to consider what place and room we have for them. Look into the Universities; there you will find many of our own very worthy men not preferred. Our English merchants adventure; they go to sea with great vessels, freighted at a great charge; the others with little vessels at a small charge. The Scotch carry their wares in other countries up and down in packs; and by these means have taken away all the trade from Dieppe already. Our traders are too many already, and there are impositions upon the English, from which the Scotch are discharged. The navy of Scotland is so weak as to be in *miserecordium* with the meanest force. The care of a sovereign prince is, that his subjects live under him '*honestè, turè, pacificè et jucundè.*' That country is miserable where the greatest men are exceeding rich, the poor men exceeding poor, and no mean, no proportion between both. Tenants of two Manors; whereof the one has woods, fisheries, liberties, commons of estovers, &c.—the other, a bare common, without profit; only a little turf or the like. The owner maketh a grant, that the tenants of this shall be participants of the profits &c. of the former. This beareth some shew of equity, but is plain wrong, and the grant void. The king cannot make a single village in one, to be parcel of another county. He cannot make a parcel of one kingdom parcel of another, being distinct kingdoms. If king Philip of Spain had had a son by queen Mary, he would have been king of Spain, Sicily, &c. Was it proper to naturalize those subjects? It cannot be good to mingle two swarms of bees under one hive on the sudden. When the Jews were in captivity, and were moved to mirth, and sing songs, they could not forget Jerusalem. 'Let their right hand forget

the first, in the full expectation of being distinguished by the particular favour and patronage of their native sovereign. So much, indeed, was the king annoyed by these supplicants, that he issued a proclamation, dated 10th May, 1616, stating, that the daily resort of idle persons, of base sort and condition, was not only very unpleasant and offensive to his majesty, since he was daily importuned with their suits and begging, and his royal court almost filled with them, (they being, in the conceit of all beholders, but 'idle rascals and poor miserable bodies,') but their country was heavily disgraced by it, and many slanderous imputations given out a-

their left,' &c. And when Abraham and Lot were brethren, Abraham said, 'Go thou to the right hand, and I will go to the left,' &c. So they divided, and either took that part which was fittest for him.'

"Mr. Wentworth and Mr. Moore followed, and though they did not object entirely to the naturalization of the Scots, 'yet,' said they, 'if we naturalize them, it is necessary to have many cautions; cautions for ecclesiastical promotions, cautions for our lands and for our trade.'

"Sir Francis (afterwards Lord) Bacon, spoke at great length and with great ability, in favour of the naturalization of the Scots, not so much on legal grounds, but as a matter of convenience; and as a 'sign to all the world of our love towards them, and agreement with them.'

"In the course of the discussion of this subject, one member was committed to the tower for making some severe reflections on the Scots: this was Sir Christopher Piggott, one of the members for the county of Buckingham. Speaking of the naturalization, he said, 'Let us not join murderers, thieves, and the roguish Scots, with the well deserving Scots. There is as much difference between them as between a judge and a thief. He would speak his conscience, without flattery of any creature whatsoever. They have not suffered above two kings to die in their beds these two hundred years. Our king James hath hardly escaped them; they have attempted him.* Now he is come from among them, let us free him from such attempts hereafter.' Although this speech excited much surprise in the house, yet it passed without censure, until, in consequence of a message from the king, blaming the neglect of the house, Sir Christopher Piggott was expelled the house and committed to the tower, where he remained some time."

* Alluding to the Gowrie's conspiracy.

gainst the same, as if there were no persons 'of good rank, comeliness, or credit, within it;' therefore it was ordered, that no captains of ships should transport any passenger to England without license of the Privy Council.

"The following song of 'Jockie is growne a Gentleman,' is not only humorous, but gives an interesting picture of the national prejudices, as well as the costume of our ancestors.

Well met, Jockie, whither away?
Shall we two have a word or tway?
Thou wast so lousie the other day,
How the devil comes you so gay?
Ha, ha, ha, by sweet St. Ann,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

Thy shoes, that thou wor'st when thou went'st to plow,
Were made of the hide of a Scottish cow,
They're turn'd to Spanish leather now,
Bedeckt with roses I know not how.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy stockings, that were of northern blew,
That cost not twelve-pence when they were new,
Are turn'd into a silken hue,
Most gloriously to all men's view.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy belt, that was made of a white leather thong,
Which thou and thy father wore so long,
Are turned to hangers of velvet strong,
With gold and pearle embroider'd among.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy garters, that were of Spanish say,
Which from the taylor's thou stol'st away,
Are now quite turn'd to silk, they say,
With great broad laces fayre and gay.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy doublet and breech, that were so playne,
On which a louse could scarce remayne,
Are turn'd to a sattin God-a-merey trayne,
That thou by begging couldst this obtayne!
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy cloake, which was made of a home-spun thread,
Which thou wast wont to fling on thy bed,
Is turned into a skarlet red,
With golden laces about thee spread.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy bonnet of blew, which thou wor'st hither,
To keep thy skonce from wind and weather,
Is throwne away the devil knows whither,
And turn'd to a bever hat and feather.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Westminster-hall was cover'd with lead,
And so was St. John many a day;
The Scotchmen have begg'd it to buy them bread;
The devil take all such Jockies away.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

(Literary Gazette.)

DIFFERENT THOUGHTS;

Suggested by a Picture by G. S. Newton,
No. 16, in the British Gallery, and representing a Girl looking at her Lover's Miniature.*

Which is the truest reading of thy look?

JUST one look before I sleep,
Just one parting glance, to keep
On my heart and on my brain
Every line and feature plain,
In sweet hopes that they may be
Present in those dreams to me,
Which the gentle night-hour brings
Ever on her starry wings.
I have heard the deep tolled chime
Of the moonlight vesper time—
Scarcely seems one hour-glass run,
Since beneath the setting sun
Hill and vale were red, and I,
And Olave looked upon the sky,
And said, or ere the grapes, which now
Shone green gems in the sunset glow,
Might darken, that we two should be
Linked in gentlest unity;
And the soft twilight came on
Ere our pleasant words were done;
Stars were glancing overhead
When our last 'Good night!' was said:
Since, I've sat and watched this brow
(Not so beautiful as thou,
Yet thy shadow) in the light
Of the fair moon. Now, Good night!
By the dawn-blush I must wake,
Olave, if but for thy sake:
We have flowers to plant and cull,—
Our home must be beautiful;
Waking, I must dream no more,
Night has lovelier dreams in store,
Picture dear, farewell to thee,
Be thine image left with me!

Yes, every lineament of thine
Full well, the painter's skill hath given;
That forehead the proud spirit's shrine,
The lightning of that eye's dark heaven.

Yes, here at least thou art the same
As once thou wert in years departed,
When truth and love shone o'er thy name,
Or ere I knew thee cold, false hearted!

How many a dark and bitter thought
These pictured features now awaken!
There is no balm by memory brought,
To hopes betrayed, to hearts forsaken.

Those whose life's Summer-path hath been
A fairy round of light and pleasure,
May well recall each vanished scene—
To them remembrance is a treasure;

But those whose year has only known
The clouds, the coldness of December,
Why should they pause on moments gone?
'Tis searing wounds when they remember.

[* An American artist.]

Drear was the hour of youth to me,
My hopes were stars that fell when lightest;
But one sweet dream still clung to Thee,
My first, my best, my last, my brightest.

Would I could live that time again,
When life was but a void without thee!
To me 'twere worth an age of pain
To feel once more I did not doubt thee.

But, like this picture-frame, thy heart
Is but a gilded toy, concealing
A darker and a meaner part,
Bright coloured, but cold and unfeeling!

Farewell to love for ever past,
Farewell to the dear hopes that leave me!
I'd almost, could that bid them last,
Wish that thou couldst again deceive me!

I must turn from this idol: I am kneeling
With vows and homage only made for heaven;
I must turn from this idol. I have been
Like to a child who plays with poisoned arrows,
And then is wounded by them. I have yielded,
Foolishly, fondly yielded, to the love
Which is a curse and sickness to me now.
I am as one who sleeps beneath the power
Of some wild dream: hopes, fears, and burning throbs
Of strange delight, dizzy anxieties,
And looks and words dwelt upon overmuch,
Fill up my feverish circle of existence.
My spirit wanders wildly: all in vain!
I would bring order to my troubled thoughts;
Like autumn leaves scattered by driving gales,
They wander round. Once my heart's sleep was
calm

As a young bird's beneath its parent wing;
That quiet is no more! for Love hath breathed
Upon my heart, and with him came a train
Of visionary things:—impatient hope,
Sickening of its own vanity; and more
Than all, concealment preys upon me; life
But animate with emotion, which must yet
Be hidden fire. Oh, I must, I must
Turn from this idol! Our love is forbidden—
You are above me, and in loving you—
Oh God! I dare not think to what that leads:
I dare not think on all I have been told
Of all man's cruelty to woman—how
He will soothe, flatter, vow, till he has won,
And then repay her confidence with ruin,
Leaving her trusting heart a desolate place,
Herself an outcast with an unwept grave,
Perhaps unhallowed too—her last long refuge:
I've more than loved,—oh I have worshipped you;
I have thought, spoken, dreamt of you alone,
And deep has been my misery: my cheek
Has burnt even to pain when you were named;
I have sat hours thinking o'er your last words,
Have sought my couch for solitude, not sleep,
And wept, I only know how bitterly.
I have no joy in pleasure: all I took
A pride in, once, has lost its interest now;
The days I see you not, to me are blanks,
And yet I shrink from meeting you! I have
Insulted heaven with prayers (prayers not to love
you,)

And then have trembled lest they should be heard.
 I must forget all this : the veins that throb
 In agony will surely learn from time
 A calm and quiet pulse ; yet I will own,
 Though woman's weakness is in the confession,
 I never could have nerved my soul to this,
 But that I know you wavering and weak,
 Passionate, but unsteady ; born to win
 Hearts, but not to keep them. Tell me not you love
 Intensely, wholly, well, as I have done.
 But oh, farewell, farewell ! I give thy portrait
 To the red flames,—it is a sacrifice
 On which I swear forgetfulness ! L. E. L.

*Portrait of a Girl in the British Gallery,
 by T. Stewardson.*

I do but give faint utterance to the thoughts
 That curied her coral lip, and filled her eyes
 With laughing malice.
 In truth, dear Love, 'twas a fitting gift
 The gift which you gave to me :
 A spring-flower wreath, whose short sweet life
 Is like love's life to thee.
 You are a gay and gallant love,
 The wooer that woman likes best,
 With a heart that roves like that eastern bird
 Whose pinions are never at rest.
 Never was lover more suited to me ;
 My heart is yet lighter than thine ;
 Did it change like the vane with each wind that
 blows,
 It could not change oftener than mine.
 Some Cupids have wings of the butterfly's plume,
 While some have the wings of the dove ;
 The first is the Cupid most fitting for me—
 I could not wear the willow for love.
 I care not for falsehood, I can be false too ;
 Lose one love, there are others in plenty ;
 And if that my lover should dare break one vow,
 To punish him I can break twenty. L. E. L.

THE CRUSADER.

He is come from the land of the sword and shrine,
 From the sainted battles of Palestine ;
 The snow-plumes wave o'er his victor crest,
 Like a glory the red cross hangs at his breast.
 His courser is black as black can be,
 Save the brow star white as the foam of the sea,
 And he wears a scarf of 'broidery rare,
 The last love gift of his lady fair :
 It bore for device a cross and a dove,
 And the words " I am vowed to my God and my
 love !"
 He comes not back the same that he went,
 For his sword has been tried, and his strength has
 been spent ;
 His golden hair has a deeper brown,
 And his brow has caught a darker frown
 And his lip hath lost its boyish red,
 And the shade of the south o'er his cheek is spread ;
 But stately his step, and his bearing high,
 And wild the light of his fiery eye ;
 And proud in the lists were the maiden bright
 Who might claim the Knight of the Cross for her
 knight.

But he rides for the home he has pined to see,
 In the court, in the camp, in captivity.

He reached the castle,—the gate was thrown
 Open and wide, but he stood there alone ;
 He entered the door,—his own step was all
 That echoed within the deserted hall ;
 He stood on the roof of the ancient tower,
 And for banner there waved one pale wall-flower ;
 And for sound of the trumpet and sound of the horn,
 Came the scream of the owl on the night wind
 borne :

And the turrets were falling, the vassals were flown
 And the bat ruled the halls he had thought his own.
 His heart throbbed high : oh, never again
 Might he sooth with sweet thoughts his spirit's pain,
 He never might think on his boyish years
 Till his eyes grew dim with those sweet warm tears
 Which hope and memory shed when they meet.
 The grave of his kindred was at his feet.
 He stood alone, the last of his race,
 With the cold wide world for his dwelling place.
 The home of his fathers gone to decay,—
 All but their memory was pass'd away ;
 No one to welcome, no one to share
 The laurel he no more was proud to wear :
 He came in the pride of his war success
 But to weep o'er very desolateness.
 They pointed him to a barren plain
 Where his father, his brothers, his kinsman were slain ;
 They showed him the lowly grave, where slept
 The maiden whose scarf he so truly had kept ;
 But they could not show him one living thing
 To which his withered heart could cling.—

Amid the warriors of Palestine
 Is one, the first in the battle line ;
 It is not for glory he seeks the field,
 For a blasted tree is upon his shield,
 And the motto he bears, is " I fight for a grave :"
 He found it—that Warrior has died with the brave !

L. E. L.

THE ROSE.

Nursed by the zephyr's balmy sighs
 And cherished by the tears of morn ;
 Oh, queen of flowers ! awake ! arise !
 Oh haste, delicious rose, be born !

Unheeding wish ! no—yet awhile,
 Be yet awhile thy dawn delayed ;
 Since the same hour that sees thee smile
 In orient bloom, shall see thee fade.

Themira thus, an opening flower,
 Must withering droop at fate's decree ;
 Like her thou bloom'st at thy little hour,
 And she, alas ! must fade like thee.

Yet go, and on her bosom die ;
 At once, blest rose ! thy throne and tomb ;
 While envious heavens my secret sigh
 To share with thee so sweet a doom.

Love shall thy graceful bent advise,
 Thy blushing, trem'lous leaves reveal ;
 Go, bright, yet hurtless, charm her eyes ;
 Go, deck her bosom, not conceal.

Should some bold hand invade thee there,
 From Love's asylum rudely torn ;
 Oh, Rose ! a lover's vengeance bear ;
 And let my rival feel thy thorn.

VARIETIES.

FOURTH OF JUNE.

On the 4th of June the annual procession of mail coaches is a pleasing, and, considered in relation to the extent of friendly and commercial intercourse promoted by these conveyances, a highly interesting sight. Previous to the year 1784, letters were conveyed from the metropolis to distant parts of the country, and *vice versâ*, by carts with a single horse to each, or by boys on horseback; in consequence of which many robberies were committed, delays occasioned, and losses sustained. John Palmer Esq. afterwards Comptroller-General of the Post Office, devised a new plan, which he recommended to government, as calculated to increase the revenue, accommodate the public, and be highly advantageous to all parties. His proposal was acceded to, and the inventor has been rewarded with a large annual income. His plan was to provide a certain number of coaches, of light construction, each to be adapted to carry the various bags or packets of letters, which were destined for a particular part of the country, or line of road. All the coaches were to leave London, precisely at eight o'clock in the evening, and to arrive at and leave certain post towns at specific times. Each coach is drawn by four horses, travels at the rate of eight miles an hour, including the time allowed for changing horses, &c.; and is provided with a coachman, a guard with fire-arms, and allowed to carry four passengers inside, and two outside. The systematic regularity, punctuality, superior safety, and expedition of the mail coaches of England, which are computed to run above 13,000 miles daily, render them peculiarly eligible and convenient for travellers. The property and profits of the post, or conveyance of letters are vested in government, which contracts with the proprietors of coaches for the carriage of the mail; but these proprietors derive their chief profit from the fare of passengers, and carriage of small packets. It is similar in Ireland.

The English Post Office, whence the mails regularly start every evening

(Sundays excepted) is managed by two post-masters general, with an annual salary of 5000*l.* a year, who have under them many other officers of their own appointing: as the secretary and resident surveyor, assistant secretary, two chief clerks of the first and second branch, with subordinate senior and junior clerks and surveyors; receiver-general, with a salary of 800*l.* a year; chief clerk 500*l.* a year and six subordinate clerks; accomptant-general, whose salary is 700*l.* a year; his deputy at 500*l.* a year; and six clerks, surveyor, and superintendant of mail coaches, at 700*l.* a year; two assistants, and three clerks; the inspector of the mis-sent and dead letters, with assistant and clerks; solicitor to the post-office; superintending president of the inland office, with three presidents and vice-presidents; six clerks of the roads; two senior clerks and assistants; twenty-one sorters; twenty-four junior sorters; four probationary sorters; four window-men; four inspectors of franks; three clerks to the superintending president; superintendant of letters, bill clerk, clerks, and messengers; and his deputy and assistants; one hundred and forty-four letter carriers; besides officers and clerks for bye and cross-road, ship, and foreign letters.

THE LADY ISABELLA.

The lady Isabella was born in Italy, sprung from a noble family in the city of Florence: she was put into a nunnery at twelve years of age, in order to take the veil; but a posture-master unluckily came to that city, gained her affections and found means to carry her off, and married her; instructed her in his unseemly dangerous employment, and brought her to England; where lady Isabella was greatly admired for her postures and feats of activity. The last and fatal time of her performance, she was eight months gone with child; but the covetous husband loved money so well, as it is reported, that he would not allow her the necessary repose required in her condition; so that in one of her dances on a slack rope, she fell on to the stage, where the mother and

infant, newly born with the force of the fall, expired in a moment,—fatal catastrophe!—in the twenty-first year of her age. This was the running account of the poor lady Isabella, after her death, whose end was much lamented: for, notwithstanding her disreputable employment, she was esteemed as a woman of strict virtue.

The author of *Waverley* may have formed some of the outlines of "*Fenella*" from the unhappy fate of this lady.

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid over-run her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at the first she runs hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without *Atalanta's* golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she cometh to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and this is the cause, that in this poor country, the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

MUSIC.

On Tuesday, Mar. 4, the Lecture on National and Scientific Music was delivered by Dr. Crotch in the London Institution. It is alike from the excellency of the Science itself and the merit of the Professor, that we feel unabated delight in his progress. On former occasions the Theory and Practice of National Music has been discussed;—it was now his province to consider *Scientific Music*. This, for several reasons which were stated, he concluded to be on the decline, whether considered with reference to its division

into Ancient and Modern—into the Church, Oratorio, Opera, Concert, and Chamber styles—into Sacred and Secular—into Vocal and Instrumental—or into the Sublime, Beautiful, and Ornamental styles. This general statement was elucidated by remarks on the Oratorio of Solomon by the immortal Handel, & by the performance of some of its Overtures, Chorusses, and Songs.

The merit of Handel as a Composer, whether considered absolutely or comparatively, is pre-eminent and unrivalled:

"Strong in new arms, lo, giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with an hundred hands:
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums."

Imitative Music is capable of much diversity, and has been carried to great perfection. Of this, the specimen given in the present Lecture furnished us with most convincing evidence. Rousseau says, "The Musician will not only agitate the sea, animate the flame of a conflagration, make rivulets flow, the rain fall, and torrents swell, but he will paint the horrors of a boundless desert, calm the tempest, and render the air tranquil and serene. He will not directly represent things, but excite in the soul the same movement which we feel in seeing them."

Diodorus Siculus has recorded that the study of Music in Egypt was confined to the priesthood, who used it only in religious and solemn ceremonies. It was esteemed sacred, and forbidden to be employed on light or common occasions, and all innovation in it was strictly prohibited. It is now happily free as the air, which gives one species of it life and animation, from all such restraint and limitation; and is alike the favourite guest of the rich and poor, the aged and young. It is reported to have been efficacious in removing several dangerous diseases. Zenocrates is recorded to have cured madness by its power and charms. If medicine must be administered to the mind, or restorative cordials poured into the heart, it furnishes us with a most grateful medium of obtaining relief from distress and sorrow.

Orpheus and Amphion are said to have drawn wild beasts after them; to

have made the trees and stones dance to the tunes of their harps, and brought them together in such a manner as to form a regular wall and inclose a great city. Could the modern practitioners of this Science, by their strains and airs, subdue the ferocity of the ignorant, the selfish, and the interested human half-tamed part of our species, and reduce them to the urbanities and charities of life, it might well become the subject of the gravest legislative consideration to patronize their College, and aid their efforts by every possible encouragement, as the best means of promoting civilization and maintaining order.

BEES.

It is not known, perhaps, to many of our readers, that in some parts of Great Britain the *bee* is considered by the superstitious and the ignorant to have a presiding faëry or demon, called *Browney*. In some places, the assistance of *Browney* is still invoked, when the bees begin to swarm; and, in conjunction with the tinkling of a pestle and mortar, it is believed they will be induced to pitch in the vicinity of the parent hive. In some parts of *Ireland*, and *Scotland*, the character of *Browney* is well known. He is supposed to be a kind of benevolent demon, than whom a spirit less impure fell not from heaven. He is presumed to befriend the human race, to assist them in their labours, to promote their interests, never to do any one the least harm, and to *preside over the bees*. His form, when visible, bears some resemblance to that of a bear; his hair is long and shaggy, his legs are short, and his aspect presents a melancholy gloom. Sometimes he has been reported to speak; but his language is always that of pathetic sorrow. This *Browney* is still invoked in *Cornwall* on the swarming of bees, by the constant repetition of his name; and the reiteration (observes a recent historian of *Cornwall*) continues until 'they gently circling on a bough descend.' But it is probable, that those who invoke *Browney*, know in general very little of the import of their charm. They generally suppose *Browney* to be the common name of bees, because the term coincides with their colour; and, on a kind of instinc-

tive presumption, that English bees have some knowledge of the English language, they are supposed to pitch in compliance with the request of the person who thus addresses them by name. In the same county, it is considered that, if bees be removed on any day but Good Friday, it will insure their death.

LONGEVITY.

Among the males who died in Russia in 1820, (the ages of the females are not stated,)

807	had attained an age of above 100 years
301	- - - - - 105 "
143	- - - - - 110 "
78	- - - - - 115 "
41	- - - - - 120 "
14	- - - - - 125 "
7	- - - - - 130 "
4	- - - - - 135 "
1	- - - - - between 140 and 145

The remarkable phenomenon of a fall of snow in Jamaica, occurred at Anotto Bay, on the 15th December. The flakes fell to within a few feet of the earth, where they recoiled a little upwards from the heat of its evaporation, and dissolved into liquid drops.

GREECE AND TURKEY.

The following is the population of Greece.

Morea	- - - - - 400,000
Northern or Middle Greece	- - - - - 250,000
Mitylene	- - - - - 20,000
Scio before the massacre	- - - - - 110,000
Tino	- - - - - 15,000
Andro	- - - - - 12,000
Naxos	- - - - - 10,000
Paros	- - - - - 2,000
Nio	- - - - - 3,000
Milo	- - - - - 5,000
Santorini	- - - - - 12,000
Samos	- - - - - 20,000
Hydria	- - - - - 25,000
Spezzia	- - - - - 10,000
Crete	- - - - - 120,000
Smaller isles	- - - - - 10,000
Insurgents from other countries	- - - - - 150,000
Fugitives, &c.	- - - - - 100,000

Total 1,269,500

Thus these brave people do not amount to one fourth of the number in the United States of America at the time of their resisting the oppression of the mother country, and yet abandoned by the Christian part of Europe, they have for two years resisted the numerous and ferocious armies of Turkey, and have displayed a heroism worthy of their great name in ancient history.

NEW WORKS.

Ada Reis, a tale, 3 vols.—Illustrations of the Sketch Book and Knickerbocker's New-York.—Somatopsychonologia, 1 vol. 8vo.—On the Pleasures of Religion, by the Rev. F. Burder.—Essays descriptive and moral; or Scenes in Italy, Switzerland, and France. By an American.